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LORD WOOLTON drawn by VICKY

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The Danger of a Tory Sweep

IT is still not too late for Labour to retrieve its fortunes in the election. It began with the handicap that Labour voters are not easily roused when the country is, generally speaking, prosperous. World economics have been such that Conservative government has not, as in the Thirties, meant economic misery and unemployment. The Conservatives have even been able to suggest that they are the Party of "peace," and that there is no contradiction between their "freedom and prosperity" and Labour's "Welfare State."

This Tory bi-partisanship with Labour has enabled the Conservatives to run an election on gentlemanly lines for the first time since the first World War. No stunts, no excitements, no "Hang the Kaiser," no Red Letter, no "Save the Pound," no attack on Mr. Attlee as a likely Gestapo chief or Bolshevik wolf in sheep's clothing. As a result, the Labour voter has not been made angry and, judging by the municipal elections last week-end, is disinclined to vote. The present trend, as the Gallup Poll in Thursday's *News Chronicle* once again showed, suggests that, while the Tories are organised and on their toes, and ready to go to the polls in any of the fleets of cars put at their disposal, half-hearted Labour voters may decline to make the effort to walk to the polling station on the grounds that there are no real issues worth fussing about.

That any voter should be so deluded is, in part at least, the fault of Labour leadership. It has long been true that the politically anchored voters are about equally divided between the two main parties. It follows that if there is a big poll, the decision will rest with the floating voters, including the Liberals in constituencies where no Liberal candidate is standing. The Labour Party leaders seem mistakenly to have assumed that this is the position, and to be more anxious not to upset middle-class floaters than to arouse their own supporters.

The issues are, in fact, real enough. A temporary boom does not affect the argument between Socialism and private enterprise. Mr. Butler has asked for a mandate to deal with any future economic crises by returning to a "free" system in which there are no controls and no subsidies to maintain that relative equality which Labour government gave the country. Mr. Morrison's distinction between freedom to private concerns to keep up prices for private benefit, and public controls to keep them down for the public benefit is as valid as ever; and the highly successful broadcast of Dr. Summerskill and Harold Wilson properly rubbed the theoretical point home in a way that every working-class housewife could understand. If we are right in believing that a more difficult world situation confronts us later in the year, then the choice between Mr. Butler's policy of more private enterprise and Labour's of better economic planning is crucial.

Those who think that "there is little to choose" should remember that the Welfare State is only Tory policy when the parties in the House are nearly equally balanced. Governments are instruments of pressure groups; the difference is most readily measured by comparing the Conservatism of Baldwin and Chamberlain, with safe Conservative majorities behind them, and the moderate Tory democracy of the last three years, in which the House of Commons has been near stalemate. The danger—let us be frank about it—is that the Tories may win by so large a majority that the Government has no defence against the pressure of those Tory groups which do not love Mr. Butler's moderation, dislike top level talks and believe that British security demands that we should always appease the Republican Party in Washington. In that case, those who do not vote in this election are likely to feel that they have been even more duped by the manifestly good intentions of the present moderate Tory leaders than they were when they failed to vote Labour in 1924 or 1931.

The News in Review

International

LAST week's new Russian proposals gave the London Sub-committee of the U.N. Disarmament Commission, in Mr. Nutting's words, "a new lease of life." The proposals are complex, but their main points can be briefly summarised:

Preliminary Period—1955.

The U.N. Disarmament Commission drafts a convention defining phases and final targets to which the signatories are pledged.

First Phase—1956.

(1) Armed forces and conventional arms will be held at December, 1954, levels; Defence expenditures (including that on nuclear weapons) will not exceed those of 1953-54.

(2) Big Five will table full details of strengths, conventional weapons and Defence budgets.

(3) Big Five will begin reducing strengths (as in (1) above) to following levels—U.S., U.S.S.R., China, 1 m.-1.5 m; Britain, France, 650,000. First year's cut will be 50 per cent. of difference between (1) and (3). Conventional arms and budgets will be reduced proportionately.

(4) Tests of nuclear weapons will be discontinued and their use renounced except against aggression, and if authorised by the U.N. Security Council.

(5) Dismantlement of bases on foreign soil will begin.

(6) Not later than June, a conference will fix agreed levels for strengths and armaments of States other than the Big Five.

(7) An International Control Agency will be established. In this phase it will have the right to examine budgets, and will set up control posts at ports, railway junctions, airfields, etc., to "watch that there shall be no dangerous concentrations" of forces.

Second Phase—1957.

(a) Production of nuclear weapons will be stopped

(b) Reduction of strengths, conventional armaments and budgets to levels prescribed in (3) and (6) above will be completed by December 31.

(c) When this reduction has reached 75 per cent. of completion, nuclear weapons will be removed from national armaments, and destroyed by December 31.

(d) Dismantlement of all bases on foreign soil will be completed.

(e) In this Phase the Control Agency inspectors will be given "within the bounds of [their] functions . . . unhindered access at any time to all objects of control."

The Russians, it will be seen, have made substantial concessions. They now accept numerical parity with the U.S.; and they no longer insist on the destruction of America's stock-pile of nuclear weapons before they will assent to inspection of the U.S.S.R. It is true that in the first Phase, during 1956, when nuclear weapons will still be part of national armaments, the rights of the Control Agency will be limited to fixed control posts—*i.e.*, its inspectorate will not be able to roam at will in the territory of countries who sign the convention. On the other hand, the Soviet Union offers, in effect, to carry out three-quarters of the reduction of its forces to parity with those of the U.S. before America is required to remove from her armed forces, or destroy, her atomic and hydrogen bombs. Moreover, simultaneously with this act of destruction, the Control Agency inspectors will acquire—if we may take the words at their face meaning—unreserved rights to travel and pry within the U.S.S.R. Can the U.S. demand more?

REAFFIRMATION, after the three-day conference in Warsaw, of Communist Europe's solidarity and the establishment of an "Eastern Nato," with Marshal Koniev as Supreme Commander, might seem, on the face of it, to strike a note discordant from the present pacific line of Soviet policy. Obviously, however, the U.S.S.R. is just as determined as the West to have a "position of strength" from which to negotiate; and it is noteworthy that Marshal Bulganin's concluding speech at Warsaw had, as its main theme, the need for peaceful co-existence. Further, Article 11 of this twenty-year treaty for mutual assistance between the U.S.S.R. and the seven other signatory States (including East Germany) provides that the whole treaty will lapse in the event of a general European collective security pact coming into force—"to which each signatory will direct his efforts." Moreover, the provocative question of East Germany's making a contribution to the forces under Marshal Koniev is soothingly reserved for "later examination." For the present, the location of the united armed forces is to be decided, by agreement, in accordance with the needs of mutual defence. This arrangement is clearly convenient to the U.S.S.R., whose right to station L. of C. troops in Eastern Europe will lapse with the evacuation of Austria. Russia may well want also to keep something in hand to bargain for Western withdrawal from Germany—a case, shall we say, of *sauter pour mieux réculer*?

At Home

LABOUR'S election statement, *Programme for Prices*, begins by making a valid case against Tory administration so far as living costs are concerned. It shows that by cutting food subsidies and restoring the importing and distributing trades to private enterprise, with a free rein for middlemen's profits, the Conservative Government, since 1951, has made this a much dearer country to live in—despite the fact that it did not have to cope with rising world prices in the same way as Labour had in the first six years after the war. Further, the "compensatory changes" in pensions and allowances, on which the Tories rely in arguing that higher prices have caused no hardship, are shown in the pamphlet to be quite inadequate for lower-income consumers. For them, rationing is now definitely "by the purse"; and a further charge which can fairly be levied against Butlerism is that it has provoked an inflationary pressure of wage demands.

Labour's policy, the statement continues, will be to endeavour to keep prices steady by bulk buying in appropriate cases and by reimposition of price controls where needed. It sharply repudiates any idea of reverting to rationing; but, if world prices rise excessively for the poorer consumer, then it would become necessary to enact consumer subsidies. Further commendable points in the statement are the promises that vigorous action would be taken by a Labour Government against monopolies and price-rings, and that quality standards for household goods and basic clothing would be promoted—a need appreciated by housewives, with their growing experience recently of "cheap and shoddy".

ENCOURAGEMENT of higher-quality standards figures also in Labour's statement on the cotton industry; and it is proposed very sensibly to re-establish the Raw Cotton Commission and thus revive long-term contracts to Commonwealth growers which would reduce Lancashire's very heavy dependance on the American crop and the vagaries of U.S. cotton price policy. The point, however, which is likely to make the greatest appeal among mill workers, is the scheme for protecting Lancashire immediately against "unfair competition."

To obviate the difficulties of imposing a discriminatory tariff or quota on shipments of Indian textiles to this country, it is proposed that a trading commission should be given a monopoly in importing cotton yarns and piece goods. The plan has naturally had a hostile reception by Manchester merchants; and the *Manchester Guardian* has attacked it as "Soviet State trading." It promises, however, to give textile workers in Lancashire practical relief from the threat to their livelihood involved in imports, from India and Japan, of "sweated" goods.

WITH the dispute in the Yorkshire coalfields settled on the basis of a N.C.B. letter promising early and favourable review of piece rates, but with the outcome of next Monday's threatened dock strike still uncertain, Tory candidates and some of their supporting newspapers have shown signs of a concerted attempt to make the problem of unofficial strikes an election issue. The argument is presumably that, since unofficial strikes are unpopular and since they originate on the Left, their impact on the electorate is likely to damage the Labour Party. This, however, is a two-edged weapon. Labour can well reply that the marked deterioration in industrial relations in recent months is the result of Mr. Butler's economic policy. It is worth noting that when Sir Walter Monckton was asked in last Tuesday's Conservative television programme what he thought could be done about unofficial strikes his answer could be kindly described as imprecise and evasive. He better than anyone is aware that this is a delicate issue.

Overseas

SOUTH AFRICA'S Government proceeds apace to establish one-party rule over parliament and nation. Having packed the Appeal Court, they have now introduced a measure to pack the Senate. The equality of the four Provinces in the Upper House—one of the bases of the Union—is now to be destroyed by increasing its membership from 48 to 89, with the Transvaal having the largest representation. Instead of the parties being represented proportionately in each Province, the Nationalists are to have a complete monopoly in three of the four, with the United Party represented only in Natal. This measure will thus greatly increase the Nationalist majority in the Houses of Parliament, enabling them to secure the two-thirds majority required for altering the Constitution.

THE Buganda Lukiko has at last approved the main reforms suggested last year by the Hancock Commission. As expected, they have added the demand for the immediate restoration of the Kabaka.

Another news item from Buganda is interesting. The new Legislative and Executive Councils are due to come into operation in July. It is known that an Asian will become a member of the new Government. The attitude of many members of the Lukiko was expressed by the Chief Justice, Matayo Mugwanya, in the words, "Why are we being handed over to Indian traders?" Multiracial government is thus rejected, with the emphasis of opposition placed, not upon the appointment of a European, but of an Indian, Minister.

FOLLOWING last week's rioting in Singapore, Mr. Marshall, the new Chief Minister, has had to acquiesce in re-imposition by the Governor of some of the hated police powers which had recently been lifted. The rioting may have been fanned by Communist elements among the Chinese students, with the aim of under-mining the Labour Front. This does not alter the fact that the disturbances and the wave of strikes which led up to them have arisen out of real grievances among the transport and other workers. Wages are wretched, sometimes as low as about £5 a month; managements are high-handed and vindictive; and the right of peaceful picketing is not always respected.

Repression in Singapore will only attach the workers more firmly to extremists who offer them at least the hope of a fight against bad employers and "colonial" police. Mr. Marshall is right to promise a review of the Trade Disputes Ordinance, and an inquiry into the transport dispute. He is right, too, in condemning company unions. But these assurances need to be followed by action. One suggestion is that he might consider (perhaps with union support) a system of compulsory arbitration.

From Our Correspondents Abroad

Paris

Black Sunday in North Africa

Our Paris Correspondent writes: All last week, the situation in North Africa grew steadily more sombre. Here is a summary of the events which took place in one twenty-four hour period—Sunday, May 15. In Casablanca, six Arabs were killed by counter-terrorist organisations. In Marrakesh, a further seven Arabs were wounded. In Tunis, following the expulsion of General Rimé-Brimeau, President of *Présence Française*, and the announcement that the Franco-Tunisian negotiations (which were resumed this Monday) would be completed before May 25, a conference was held attended by representatives of extremist *colon* organisations from all three North African dependencies. This drew up a "programme of co-ordinated action against the Paris Government's policy of surrender," and threatened to "carry the battle into the street" unless the "claims of the French population in Tunisia were satisfied." At a dinner given by the Tunis municipality, M. Barrachin (A.R.S.), on behalf of a French parliamentary delegation, announced: "We are returning to Paris to carry on the struggle against the follies of the Government's policy." Meanwhile, 200 miles south, at Sousse, extremist members of the Vieux-Destour, aided by *colon* militants, attacked a group of Neo-Destour students, one of whom was murdered. Five hundred miles to the west, in Algeria, a village near Biskra was invested by a terrorist unit, numbering 80 men.

Of these various items, the news from Algeria is by far the most serious. During the last month, the military situation in the Constantine department has deteriorated rapidly. The onset of Spring has not, as the Government promised, brought a speedy end to the revolt. On the contrary, despite press censorship, the State of Urgency and big troop reinforcements, the area effectively controlled by the terrorists continues to increase. The operational area is now spreading down from the mountains into the plains; incidents and even small pitched battles are reported in the lowlands south of Constantine and in the Aurès foothills east of Biskra, while large-scale, carefully planned raids on villages are becoming almost a daily occurrence. The French appear to have lost the battle to win the support of the local population, and even their North African infantry, notably some Moroccan units, are proving unreliable. (In several cases, terrorist bands are known to contain army deserters). Meanwhile, terrorism is gaining a foothold in Algiers and other large towns.

The worsening situation has led to an open breach between M. Soustelle, the Governor-General, and the extremist *colon* groups, who are now clamouring for his removal. Their anger at his so-called "inactivity" has been aggravated by his recent attempts to apply a liberal policy. Before last month's cantonal elections, he issued strict orders that the voting be carried out in an honest manner. These orders were not everywhere obeyed, but they were sufficiently effective to produce a political upheaval in the Constantine department, where the moderate U.D.M.A., the only Nationalist party to present candidates, won a decisive victory. M. Soustelle followed this up last week by releasing fourteen M.T.L.D. militants who had been in prison since last November, and by warning a number of leading *colons* that they would be prosecuted if they proceeded with their plans to raise private militias. Indeed, it would seem that M. Soustelle is now ready—and even anxious—for a showdown with the extremists. When M. Gratien Faure, one of their leaders, paid him an angry visit recently, and peremptorily demanded the arrest of the newly elected U.D.M.A. councillors, M. Soustelle had him escorted from the premises. How far this courageous policy will be backed up in Paris remains to be seen, though to judge by recent events in Tunisia, M. Soustelle can count on a measure of cautious support. If, however, M. Faure is forced to comply with the demands for his recall, there seems no alternative to a progressive extension of the fighting.

Trieste

The U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia

Our Rome Correspondent writes from Trieste: This city has always been a good vantage point from which to study moves in Soviet-Yugoslav ideological war. In Trieste the Western European Communists (Italian and Triestine) had to collaborate with the Yugoslavs. Indeed, the first symptoms of the break between Yugoslavia and the Cominform came from Trieste in the early months of 1948. The Trieste Communist Party reported on the unorthodox methods and attitude of the Yugoslavs early in 1948, and the Cominform created a special commission at Trieste to investigate the allegations.

THE SIXTH MAN

Togliatti visited Belgrade in 1948, and he also returned with his doubts about the situation. It can safely be said that Togliatti and the Trieste Communists threw considerable weight into the Cominform decision to expel Yugoslavia. Vittorio Vidali, who had recently returned from Mexico to take over the Trieste party, then became one of the principal figures in the Cominform struggle against Tito.

The first important sign that the Malenkov peace overtures to Tito were serious came in October, 1954, when Vishinsky, in sharp contrast to the line of the Italian and Trieste Communists, stated that the U.S.S.R. "took note of the Italo-Yugoslav agreement on Trieste and hoped it would contribute to peace." This was a tremendous blow for the Trieste Communists who had confidently expected a Soviet Note of protest which would have prevented the carving up of the Trieste territory. Vidali was forced to say that he did not have to be in agreement with Vishinsky. He repeated stoutly that "the fight against Titoism had been right."

After the Trieste agreement, events moved rapidly. The anti-Tito radio of Bucharest closed down, the Yugoslav Revolutionaries were silenced in Czechoslovakia and Rumania, the Cominform ceased anti-Tito publications, Vidali ceased all attacks on the Titoists. *Unità*, the Italian Communist paper, never called Tito a Fascist again. It was soon obvious that, behind the scenes, negotiations between Tito, the Cominform and the U.S.S.R. were taking place. Vidali, who was bound to be a key man in such negotiations, indicated so himself when he told his party in January that he was "glad to see the normalisation of relations between Yugoslavia and the countries of Socialism and hoped that progress would be made, not only in the cultural and commercial field, but also in the political."

The only obstacle to the renewal of political relations between Yugoslavia and the Cominform countries remained the Resolution of 1948—an ideological barrier which had to be surmounted. The recent polemical articles between *Pravda* and *Borba* (organ of the Yugoslav Communists) opened this discussion. But the real prelude to last week-end's announcement of the Krushchev visit to Belgrade came on May 1, when Togliatti, instead of speaking in the Italian capital, went to Trieste for the most important day of the year. Togliatti had not been to Trieste since 1948, and his speech eliminated, from the point of view of the Italian and Triestine Communists, the 1948 Resolution against Yugoslavia. This was a necessary gesture towards Tito. A week later, on the tenth anniversary of the Liberation, Marshal Zhukov praised Tito and wrote in *Pravda* that "it was to be hoped that past differences between Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R. would soon be liquidated." The way was open for Krushchev's journey.

Singapore

Teething Troubles

A Correspondent in Malaya writes: Things are not working out exactly as planned in Singapore; already relations between the recently elected Chief Minister, David Marshall, and the soon-to-retire Governor, Sir John Nicoll, are not so smooth as they could be. The fault is Mr. Marshall's. He refuses to understand that the move towards self-government was never intended to be very much more than a gesture. The Rendel Commission, when working out the new constitution, made no provision for any positive powers for the Chief Minister. He was to be little more than the leader of the six elected Ministers in a Council of ten Ministers, over which the Governor presided. This did not suit Mr. Marshall. Almost as soon as he was elected he began to act as if he were the Prime Minister of an independent State. Where, he demanded, is my office? There wasn't one.

Mr. Marshall was not prepared to be treated like that. He kicked up a row. He even threatened to put a table and a chair under the "old apple tree" near the historic spot where Raffles landed, and where Marshall did much of his electioneering, and work there in full view of the public. To show his reasonableness, the Governor gave in and showed Mr. Marshall a room he could use under the stairs. At the same time Sir John tried to impress upon his Chief Minister his correct position in the new arrangement; and the permanent players, the Chief Secretary and the rest, long accustomed to ruling, naturally followed the Governor's line. Thus it has come about that Mr. Marshall, after no more than a few weeks in office, has come to the conclusion that the permanent players are not being wholly co-operative. So he proposes to get rid of them all as soon as he can through a Four-Year Plan which he calls Malayanisation but which actually is Asianisation, a much less attractive scheme which is in fact, if not in intention, racial discrimination against Europeans, and Chinese.

Realising that he cannot, within four years, replace Europeans in the civil service with suitable Malayans, who are just not available, Marshall contemplates bringing in trained Indians, Burmans and Indonesians. There are serious objections to this plan, which seeks to eliminate entirely all European influence, and to set up a civil service for what is a predominantly Chinese city, with Asians of all kinds except Chinese. For where can the trained Chinese come from except Taiwan and China? Obviously, the Governor could hardly be expected to look upon this plan with much favour. He has already announced that he supports gradual Malayanisation, but not at this rate and in this way. But Marshall can see that the only way to get things done as he wants them done is ruthlessly to remove the stumbling blocks. This he declares he will do, no matter what the cost—and the cost in money to pension off the Europeans would be tremendous. Complete Malayanisation he knows would be popular, but I doubt (a) if the Governor would let him and (b) whether the average Singaporean (who is Chinese) would in the end prefer Asianisation (without Chinese) to Malayanisation, which, in Singapore, would amount to government by Chinese civil servants.

An Area of Disengagement

THIS summer the Heads of Government of Britain, France, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are going to meet. Their talks could prove the most momentous diplomatic occasion since Potsdam, provided they assemble with the determination to strike bargains and not merely to win debates. What then are the essential foundations of any practicable bargain which would be likely to have permanent value?

First would have to come the re-unification of the two Germanys by means of free elections; and re-unification would have to be accompanied by a Four-Power guarantee of German territorial integrity in return for German acceptance of a limitation on armaments and some form of military neutrality, perhaps on Austrian lines. Second would have to come a recognition by both sides that, at this stage, no agreement is possible which seriously changes the balance of military strength between the two blocs. In other words, the first stage in a settlement between East and West must be a disengagement of forces at points where tension exists. Germany is clearly the most important and urgent of these.

But of scarcely less importance is Yugoslavia; and the announcement of the Krushchev mission to Belgrade is of great significance in this context. For Yugoslavia is second only to Germany as an area in which the easement of political and military tension is vital to co-existence in the West. The Russian visit comes after a period in which Yugoslavia has been seeking, with some success, to normalise relations with her Communist neighbours. It may be taken for granted that the Russians will be no more successful now than the Americans have been since 1948 in persuading the Yugoslavs to commit themselves exclusively to either side in the cold war. Nevertheless much may be done short of this to improve relations between Marshal Tito and Moscow: "active co-existence with both East and West" is a catch-phrase currently very popular in Belgrade.

It seems likely, therefore, that, apart from its obvious propaganda value, the Soviet mission is designed to probe in direct talks just how far towards neutrality "active co-existence" is likely to go. Neutrality is in some ways an inappropriate word to use of a country as highly opinionated and as heavily armed as Yugoslavia. But it is obvious that the Yugoslavs are seeking to establish a viable position in which, armed in their own defence and as far as possible guaranteed against aggression, they can, like India and Burma, remain uncommitted in either of the military alliances into which world politics have largely polarised.

This summer, therefore, if all goes as well as possible, could see both the removal for the time being of the military threat of a recreated *Wehrmacht* and at the same time the establishment of an "area of disengagement" stretching through Germany, Austria and Yugoslavia, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Something on these lines appears to be the aim of Soviet policy at present: it would be of at least equal advantage to the West. In return for the concessions over a German military alliance which the Western Powers would be obliged to make in order to achieve this sort of settlement, they would gain a re-united Germany under a freely elected (and, no doubt, non-Communist) government; and they could reasonably hope that, as normalisation of relations proceeded the Soviet grip on East Europe might also begin to loosen.

Sir Anthony Eden and President Eisenhower are fully entitled to drive the hardest bargain they can with the Russians; but equally they must realise that, if a bargain is to be made at all, two concessions at least are required of them. First, the Yugoslavs must be trusted—even encouraged—to make all they can of their talks with the Krushchev mission, without threat or hindrance from Mr. Dulles. Secondly, the Western statesmen must go to Four-Power talks prepared to acquiesce in an uncommitted and partly demilitarised Germany, in return for unification and free elections. If Sir Anthony wishes us to regard the invitation to Marshal Bulganin as something more than a domestic election stunt, he must indicate during the next few days, while he is still expounding his policy to the voters, that he and the President have agreed to go at least this far in an effort to end the cold war.

Colonial Policy—a Real Division

"THE only significant breach in recent years of the bipartisan colonial approach has been over the imposition by the Conservative Government in 1953 of Central African Federation." So says *The Times* in a leading article last week. True, the days are gone when Conservatives boasted of ruling the Empire and accused the Labour Party of wishing to dissolve it. True, colonial tax collectors, under Tory Governments, no longer rub pepper into recalcitrant colonial subjects to enforce tax collection. True, a massacre like that of Amritsar would today certainly bring down a government. To this extent Tories have been tamed by years of constant pressure. Indeed, the two current election manifestoes display some similarity of approach. "There can be no lasting peace," says the Labour document, "until we have met the most profound challenge of our time—the gap between the highly developed industrial nations of the west and the peasant millions of Asia and Africa." And the Tory manifesto echoes in a complacent phrase that Kipling would have endorsed: "Like all countries of advanced development and democratic tradition we have responsibilities towards the less fortunate peoples of the world."

The fact remains that, while statements of policy are important, each party's attitude towards colonial matters is fundamentally conditioned by its attitude to social problems as a whole. *The Times* is probably right to pinpoint Central African Federation as the most significant point of difference between the parties in recent years. The Tories themselves, in their election manifesto, specifically endorse the "principle of racial partnership as exemplified in the new Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland." It is fair, therefore, to judge the Tory concept of racial partnership by this particular political act. Under the Federal scheme 200,000 White Settlers from the Rhodesias and Nyasaland were allocated 26 members in the Federal Assembly; while 6 million African had 9 members, 3 of whom had to be White. A strange conception of partnership—but, even so, not the most important injustice. For the Federal constitution can be altered only by a two-thirds majority of the Federal Assembly. Thus the White members have been given straight away the same sort of veto on the political advance of Africans as has been used so catastrophically in South Africa. It is true that Colonial Office officials first produced the Federal scheme under the Labour Government, and that a small minority of Labour members has always supported it. But it is far more to the point to recall that, when the Labour Colonial Secretary visited Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, the territories under his direct control, he was so profoundly impressed by the total opposition of the Africans to federation with Southern Rhodesia that, on his return, the Labour Party decided to oppose the whole scheme.

The value, therefore, of Central African Federation as an example is not that the difference between the parties which it reveals is an isolated or freakish one, but that it illustrates so well a characteristic state of mind which is deep-seated in each party. The same difference in principle can also be observed in other colonial areas. On Cyprus, for instance, there is no compromise between the Conservative Government's specific and permanent denial of self-determination and Labour's adherence to it as a basic right. On Kenya it has been Labour members, to the unconcealed irritation of most Conservatives, who have persistently questioned the Colonial Secretary about the legality of the indefinite detention of suspects and the ghastly and still mounting number of executions of men not proved to be terrorists. On Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, since the political rights of the Africans have become a matter of political controversy in this country, it is the Labour Party which has represented the views of African people. It would not be fair to argue that Tory Colonial Secretaries have done no good: Viscount Chandos's implementation of Labour's policy in West Africa disproves any such claim. But it is fair to ask when the Tories, as a party and as a class, have ever taken the initiative in forwarding the aspirations of any subject people?

To be sure, the Conservative Government now finds it necessary to continue the schemes of economic aid to the colonies which by and large have been conceived by the Labour Party; and this provides as good an example as any of the revolution in colonial relations which has emerged from the Labour Government's colonial policy. Even here, however, the difference in outlook between the two parties is significant. Throughout the period of opposition in which their contemporary attitude to the colonial world was defined, Conservative spokesmen made it plain that economic relations with the colonies must be based on strictly commercial principles. This indeed was the essence of their attack on the Labour administration of the Colonial Development Corporation, and it is that Corporation itself which illustrates most sharply the restrictive effect of the commercial philosophy of Toryism: "It must be understood," says the Corporation's Report for 1952, "that a commercial basis of operation . . . is likely . . . to rule out various types of development hitherto regarded as definitely within the Corporation's field."

The Times does a disservice both to the colonies and to historical truth in its rather laboured attempt to prove on the eve of an election that the Conservative Party, which it supports, has a record in the colonies as honourable and successful as that of the Labour Party, which it opposes. These issues of colonial policy are not those most likely to rouse mass emotions in the British electorate. But it is right for the country to recall that it was Mr. Attlee's understanding of "coloured questions" that saved the Commonwealth from destruction and Britain from embarking in India and Burma on as disastrous a war as the French had to fight in Viet Nam.

Remembering Labour's record in Asia and in West Africa, thoughtful people are also conscious of the appalling responsibility which must, in the next few years, rest on any British government for the handling of colonial affairs. We trust that all who recognise the nature of the problems will also recognise the essential difference of purpose and interest between the two parties. The new Toryism, grudgingly reformed though it has shown itself to be, has maintained intact its identity of interest with White Settlers and with United Kingdom commercial interests in the colonies. The Labour Party is feeling its way towards a colonial relationship, based on a recognition of the social under-privilege of most colonial citizens, which alone is capable of meeting "the most profound challenge of our time." Labour may be hesitant and occasionally retrogressive in its steps towards this goal; yet the distinction is clear enough, and not least to Colonial peoples themselves.

West Germany and the Powers

(By a Correspondent in Bonn)

THE aims of West Germany, ever since 1949, have always been to become the whole of Germany. Not to be merged with Communist East Germany into a political and economic hybrid, but to wipe the East German State off the map and extend the Federal Republic to the eastern borders of Germany, whatever these may be. This is what the West Germans mean by reunification, and what they have all along been encouraged to hope for as the result of rearmament and Western Alliance. These were to give them "reunification," if not actually by war, at least by the threat of war. This was the West German interpretation of the slogan "policy of strength." Reinforced by the rearmed West Germans and still in possession of atomic near-monopoly, the West was to become so strong and to take up such a threatening posture vis-à-vis Russia, that the Russians were to take fright and sell out on East Germany.

Whether this was always nonsense is now hard to say. Perhaps if the *Wehrmacht* had been in existence in mid-1953, when there was no Soviet hydrogen bomb yet, when East Germany was in revolt and when Beria in Moscow seemed seriously to consider a partial sell-out, the calculation might have come off. Alternatively, it might have given us a world war, in which we should all have fought *pour le roi de Prusse*. We shall never know. There was no *Wehrmacht* in 1953, there is none in 1955, nor can there be for some years—by which time both the Soviet and the Western Powers may have reached "saturation" in hydrogen bombs and long-range rockets, and any threat of war may be out of the question! But still the West Germans have been asked to come into the Western Alliance, and have been encouraged to hope that in this way lies "reunification." Obviously, the only sense to be made of this is to assume that the Western Alliance is now intended as a bargaining counter with which to buy Soviet agreement for the surrender of East Germany. Their disappointment in learning that that is by no means the British (or Western) idea is genuine. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that they feel they have been trapped into the Western Alliance under false pretences.

Not that this German disappointment is likely to have immediate dramatic consequences. It is not only that there is still always Dr. Adenauer. Nobody in West Germany would, at this stage, dare to incur Western wrath by proposing a private West German bargain with the Soviet Union. Everybody admits that, for the moment, all that West Germany can do is to use what leverage it has inside the Western Alliance for the promotion of its own interests. But in all the discussions here about how the West might now induce Moscow to give up East Germany, the West and the East have, in a curious manner, reversed their accustomed roles. Once all the benefits were expected from the West, and the question was how far one dared to provoke Moscow in pressing for those benefits. Now the

benefits are expected from Moscow, and the question is how much one dares ask the West to offer in exchange for them. The Western Powers are somehow, in West German eyes, slipping into the role of the wicked uncles who stand between the Germans and their true happiness.

Are Western Germans once again under a delusion? Many take it almost for granted that Moscow is only waiting to hand them East Germany on a platter, in exchange for the Western Alliance, and are only worrying whether the Western Powers will agree to make the exchange. There was, indeed, a moment last January when it really looked as if this were the Soviet policy, but that was when it also looked as if Bonn might, under pressure of a popular movement, really reject the Paris Treaties. Such a rejection would inevitably have carried with it a change of the entire political character of West Germany. It might then have been possible for Moscow, with good grace, to let East Germany merge in a reunited Germany with a Social Democratic Government and an anti-militarist "Left" political climate. But it is hardly possible for Moscow to sell East Germany to a Right-wing West Germany which would deal with it like a victorious party in a civil war.

Moscow, it is true, is treating Bonn to exhortations to study the Austrian "model." But other Soviet moves call for careful study. The inclusion of East Germany in the Eight-Power alliance concluded at Warsaw, though *not* in the Eastern S.H.A.P.E., suggests, first of all, that Moscow is not now prepared to make a deal with West Germany at the expense both of East Germany and of the Western Powers. It suggests, secondly, that Moscow is quite willing, for the time being at any rate, to put up with Bonn's Western alignment. By not creating an East German army the Russians' short-term aim seems to be to avoid an armaments race in the two Germanys by agreement between their sponsor Powers—*i.e.*, to make the two Germanys, as it were, passive rather than active allies of the two *blocs*. It suggests, thirdly, that Moscow is now pursuing its unchanged long-term aim of a European peace settlement on the basis of a reunited neutral Germany by a quite different road. Ultimately, German unity is no longer to result from a sacrifice of East Germany, but, if it is to come at all, from some kind of negotiated merger of the two German States; and the "neutrality" is no longer to be imposed on the Western Powers by direct agreement between Moscow and Bonn. If it is to come at all, it is to be imposed on Germany by agreement between Russia and the Western Powers.

To such suggestions the present answer from Bonn and the Western capitals would probably be a thunderous "Never." But then these are matters which the Soviet Union seems quite prepared to leave to time. Their programme, for the present, may well be to work on the basis of the existing Western and Eastern alliances of the two Germanys, to sterilise these alliances in the framework of the general disarmament pact, and to let the two Germanys stew in their own juice for a while. For anybody in the West who wants *both* relaxation in Western-Soviet relations *and* the West German alliance—and it is the essence of official Western policy to want both—this is a tempting line of country. True, it underlines the conflict of interests between the West Germans and their Western allies; and Germans may say that the Soviets are coming down heavily on the Western side. But then would the West rather that the Soviets came down on the German side? If the West refused to make any bargaining concessions, that too might happen.

The TV Election—Round Two

Attractions for the coming week
Are Masters Wet, Dim, Drip and Bleak.
Master Wet will show his pet,
Master Dim will sing a hymn,
Master Drip will crack his whip,
Master Bleak will speak in Greek . . .

As it happens, the second week of the party broadcasts has so far turned out nothing like that, for all that last week I thought we could descry intimations of Master Drip and Master Dim. Performance has improved and competition is keen, with, so far as the winning of votes is concerned, Labour a few points ahead. Or so it seems to me.

The shadowy third contender in the contest can, I think, be quickly dismissed. Mr. Philip Fothergill the other evening spoke passionately on behalf of the Liberals, so passionately, indeed, that before he'd come to the end of his broadcast he'd rather lost control of his voice. Perhaps this did not matter greatly, for by urging us at the beginning to vote Liberal he was surely inviting the five-sixths of us who can't vote Liberal, because there aren't any candidates, to switch off.

No, the fight began in earnest when Miss Edith Pitt appeared on sound for the Tories. Miss Pitt's role in this election is that of the Conservative Working Girl. A regional accent is normally an advantage in broadcasting. Miss Pitt, however, comes from Birmingham, and I am bound to admit, however reluctantly, that the Birmingham accent is the ugliest, most slack-lipped and tripe-tongued speech we have. It is quite characterless; and though Miss Pitt does not possess the worst features of the accent, she has failed to divest herself of the whining speech-rhythms that accompany it. As a performance, her broadcast was excessively dreary; the sense of duty alone kept one listening. As to what she had to say, I can only report that an Anglican priest, no rabid politician but a middle-of-the-roader who pins his faith on Sir Anthony, expressed himself to me as distressed by Miss Pitt's tendentiousness.

Mr. Morrison, who followed Miss Pitt the night after, was at the top of his form. I have not heard him broadcast more effectively. He attacked from the beginning, and character emerged—the sense of dogged judiciousness—both from what he said and from the way he said it. His words had punch, the punch that comes with the short sentence and pithy expression. He was, in fact, speaking an admirable piece of colloquial prose; and when he declared that the real battle between the parties was between public controls as against private controls he was surely coming very near to the heart of what this election is about.

"No, Tommy, it's NOT *Dr. Edith"*

And so to television and the double act of Dr. Edith Summerskill and Mr. Harold Wilson for the Labour Party. They made a very nice and effective contrast: Dr. Summerskill all smiling, and talking in a low voice—I notice that one commentator has compared her voice to Miss Marlene Dietrich's, though that, I think, is to pile it on a bit thick; Mr. Wilson, forthright, unsmiling, the grim efficient executive. Their twin theme was Labour as the party of the family, in other words, the cost of living. They were speaking directly at and to us, and I felt that a sense of real intimacy, such as one conspicuously did not get from Mr. Macmillan the other week, was achieved. Good use was made of film and of tableaux of domestic articles and items of food which have gone up in price. And each of the speakers had his allotted role. Did Dr. Summerskill, speaking as a woman and a doctor, slightly overplay the sentimental approach? Myself, I thought not. In any case, part of Labour's appeal always has been and ought to be to the generous impulses. But if she did, there was Mr. Wilson standing no nonsense. The notion that Labour would re-introduce rationing was "a deliberate Tory lie."

These broadcasts have, I suppose, two functions: to hearten the loyal and rally the waverers. Dr. Summerskill's and Mr. Wilson's programme, I should think, did both. But what of the Tory TV programme? In this, the Prime Minister flanked by Mr. Butler, Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Macleod and Sir Walter Monckton was questioned by ten newspaper editors—there should have a dozen, but two were absent, ill.

Now this was an ambitious project, and it might easily have been a shambles, for fifteen people in a television studio is normally rather more than a packed house. In fact, it was remarkably successful. The Ministers faced the editors across a table. One of my colleagues watching suggested that it resembled a board meeting with the directors being questioned by a group of keen but generally sympathetic shareholders. It struck me, rather, as an interviewing board with the editors as the bright candidates. Each of the editors was allowed two questions, which Sir Anthony either answered or passed to one of his coadjutors. Everything went very briskly; the editors had plainly been well rehearsed in jumping to put their questions. As a production, it could scarcely have been more efficient.

It was also, I thought, impressive. It might have been more dramatic if the newspapermen assembled had been less generally sympathetic to the Government. As it was, we had the sixty-four-dollar question almost at the beginning, when Mr. Cudlipp, of the *Daily Mirror*, wanted to know whether, if the Tories got back, they would be Good Tories or Bad Tories, post-war or pre-war Tories. The range of questions was wide, though there was only one on foreign affairs, and they gave very little impression of having been framed to elicit merely electioneering replies. They were, in fact, questions of a kind that any editor of a responsible newspaper would discuss in his leading article.

And that, I suspect, was the weakness of the programme from a purely electioneering point of view. The presence of the Prime Minister and his Ministers and their answers to the questions gave the programme a notable air of authority, which I am sure was persuasive to a certain part of the electorate, that part which reads and is

swayed by leading articles. It is, I imagine, not a large part. A working woman interviewed immediately afterwards said that it was interesting but didn't seem to mean much to people like herself. At the same time, I am bound to say that one's own immediate reaction to the programme was to want to see Mr. Attlee and his colleagues facing a similar group of questioners.

Both parties so far have kept faithfully to orthodox television techniques; no doubt wisely. Yet one experiment I wish Labour could have made; and that is to have taken the cameras to an outside meeting, to a meeting, say, of Mr. Bevan's in Ebbw Vale. Studio television is a solitary business, and the one thing it does not communicate is enthusiasm. It would be pleasant for a change to see enthusiasm and the cut-and-thrust of the honest partisanship of a large public meeting. And it might well be heartening. There is no reason why the outside-broadcast cameras should not bring it to us.

WILLIAM SALTER

London Diary

I DO not expect to see any more revealing quotation for use on the platform in this election than the following from the authoritative column which Mr. James Reston contributed to the *New York Times* (May 10):—

> Washington has been under considerable pressure from the British Government, now facing the election, to agree at once to a meeting of heads of government. It is expected that Washington's approval of such a meeting will help the Conservatives in the election. While this is not a consideration that any officials here will discuss, it is generally known that the Eisenhower Administration does not wish to do anything that would embarrass the British Conservatives in their forthcoming electoral test against the Labour party.

* * *

The best crack of the week was Sir Beverley Baxter's letter in the *News Chronicle* saying that Malcolm Muggeridge's declaration that he would not vote in the general election was the most impressive thing that had happened "since the sad fate of the Vicomte de Beauxtemps who, on hearing that the French Revolution had broken out, decided to ignore it." It is a mistake to be superior to your world. The fact that you don't have to worry much whether tea costs 4*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* a pound does not exempt you from facing the moral decision whether or not you are prepared to pay more taxes to lessen the poverty of the poor or whether you prefer to widen the gap between the classes.

* * *

India will certainly welcome Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's appointment as High Commissioner in Delhi. He has done a remarkable job as Commissioner General for South-East Asia. On the debit side he made a curious mistake in persuading Ernest Bevin to support Bao Dai, who has always been a playboy. You can't be the Emperor of a country plunged deep in civil war and at the same time have a very good time in a villa in Cannes. I have always thought this was a strange error of judgment from a man who so clearly has understood South-East Asia, and indeed the whole problem of nationalism and Communism in Asia, with so much more clarity than other European politicians and officials. Because he has understood how people in Asia felt, he has been able to live down a great deal of the evil inheritance of European superiority. A comparatively little thing like his refusal to belong to an exclusive European club in Singapore and his preference for swimming and playing games on equality with the people in whose country he is living has made just that psychological break with the past which was wanted. His house in Singapore has been as free and as happy a place of entertainment both for Asians and British as Government House was in Delhi when Lord and Lady Mountbatten were assisting at the birth of free India.

* * *

I hope the next Minister of Commonwealth Relations—whoever he is—will be able to persuade the Education Ministers of India and Pakistan to come to a reasonable decision about the India Office Library in London. Meeting in India this week, the Indian Minister suggested building a Library in Delhi to house the quarter of a million books, manuscripts, and paintings which make this the finest Orientalist Library in the world. Pakistani students would have a special welcome to work on these documents. The Pakistani Minister, anxious to save the Indian taxpayer, suggested a similar Library in Karachi. Indian students would be guaranteed a special welcome. The outcome of the talks was a decision to make a joint approach to the Commonwealth Relations Office (which has housed the Library since partition in 1947) with a view to dividing the Library between them. Burma, whose history for the past hundred years is recorded in thousands of manuscripts and reports, was not represented at these talks. But this is not fundamentally a question of any one nation, for no serious research on Far Eastern history, and especially on British-Indian history since the sixteenth century, on the pacification of Burma or on the career of Raffles or on the Indian Mutiny, can be carried out without access to the Library. A division of this wonderful and almost unexplored collection—which should make any historian's mouth water—would be ridiculous.

* * *

The communiqué put out after the meeting of the Premiers of India and Pakistan reminds me for all the world of a conversation I had many years ago with a journalist who claimed to have prolonged Ramsay MacDonald's abortive Economic Conference. He said that when they told him the Conference was coming to an end, he asked them if they had explored every avenue. They assured him they had. Had they left no stones unturned? They thought a bit, and said they could think of none they had missed. But, he asked, had they also ploughed every furrow? Regretfully, they admitted a doubt, and so went back and conferred for another fortnight. Nevertheless, I think this little bunch of clichés from Delhi does mean that "tension is eased" on the Kashmir frontier, which is certainly much to the good. The truth is that everyone knows that Kashmir is, in fact, partitioned, and that it will remain so, but that neither country is willing to give up its claim to the Valley. Nehru must regret his rash promise of a plebiscite. In the meantime, I can't help feeling that Sheik Abdullah should be released, on conditions, from his prolonged "detention".

* * *

To enjoy a ringside seat at the East Berlin May Day celebrations one would have had to be a guest of Pieck or Grotewohl. But I have heard an illuminating account from a friend who, uninvited by any high-up, chanced to be present at the start of this magnificent procession. He had to see an East Berliner on business and could not reach him by 'phone, so he found out exactly at what time and at what street-corner the man's office staff was due to line up for the procession; and simply went there to see his man and make his appointment. It seemed a somewhat cumbersome substitute for the non-existent East-West telephone communication. However, my friend was duly impressed by the Teutonic thoroughness of innumerable groups complete with flags and banners and each of them tidily shepherded into their allocated starting places. One of these groups consisted of hefty working men, their overalls neatly ironed and gaily decorated with their factory emblems and pink flowers. An even heftier man was in command. *Stillgestanden* he barked, whereupon the whole lot stood as rigid as an iron curtain. *Rechts um, ganze Abteilung marsch*, and they swung into a goose-step as smartly as in the Kaiserreich or the Third Reich. However, there was this difference that they seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. Or was it a difference?

* * *

It is fitting that the Americans, who have done so much to atone for their own past sins towards the coloured people of the South, should be the first people to produce in *African Conflict* a really objective film about *apartheid* in South Africa. Howard Smith of the C.B.S. does a splendid job in interviewing Mr. Strijdom and Mr. Strauss. Father Huddleston and the African leader, Dr. Xuma, give the replies. The South Africans, of course, complain that the visitors do not understand the native question. The audiences in the numerous Granada cinemas, who can now see this film, are likely, I am glad to think, to understand it very well. The film is a good augury for I.T.V., for Ed Murrow, who introduces the film, is, I understand, arranging for much useful co-operation with Mr. Bernstein's programme company.

* * *

Last week Billy Graham stole many headlines that should have gone to entrancing Eden or battling Bevan. This week the San Francisco fight has made the political commentators look like the sober old-fashioned people that they ought to be. I expected some pretty lurid stuff in the evening papers when Cockell played up so splendidly to the new British ideal of an always heroically defeated John Bull, whose head is always bloody but unbowed. But I hadn't realised until Wednesday morning quite how much literary genius nowadays is to be found among the world's great sporting writers. They all agreed, of course, with the *New York Post's* statement that "it was a dirty fight. Marciano continually fouled Cockell." Well, he was British and could take it, couldn't he? Yes, said the same commentator, Marciano last hit Cockell as he "lay like the clotted dripping from an immense candle against the ropes." Red Smith of the *Herald Tribune* said that "after 24 minutes of unremitting pain," Cockell's "hands were up at the finish; in his eyes were the violets of the Sussex Downs; in his face there was no trace of human intelligence. The hands were up though." The *News Chronicle* reporter differed

NEXT WEEK

The New Obscurantists
KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Workers' Struggle in the Ruhr
MARGARET STEWART

on the last point, but was not to be outdone in his mastery of metaphor. Cockell, he said,

> was barely able to lift his arms, and his eyes were cloudy and unseeing. First he turned towards his seconds, who were striving to enthuse new life into him by the alchemy of their burning glances. Then he turned instinctively to face Marciano.

After reading these and other descriptions of Cockell I find myself revolted by the whole thing, but I agree whole-heartedly with the *New York Journal American* which declared, without reservation, that Cockell is a man.

CRITIC

Election A B C

A stands for Attlee, and Anthony too,
B stands for Butler, and bombs and Bevan,
C, for Conservative diehards, true blue,
D, for Democracy—we, they and you,
E's the Elector, and that's Everyman.
F stands for Floaters who dither in doubt,
G is the Gallup recording their swing,
H is the Housewife—who sometimes steps out—
I is Inflation Conservatives bring,
J stands for Jargon both candidates spout.
K is for Khaki, young Britains must wear,
L is for Labour, who'd cut call-up time,
M is for Ministers, well past their prime,
N is for Nato, a costly affair.
O stands for Ownership, private or State,
P stands for Peace Talks, by Tories delayed,
Q for the Question—when will it be made?
R is for Rises in rents and Bank-rate,
S is for Shillings Free Health should not take;
T stands for Transport, by Tories upset,
U is for unity—genuine or fake.
V stands for Victory Labour should win,
W, for Winston, the all-party pet,
X is the Cross every voter will make.
Y stands for Yankees who want Eden in,
Z stands for Zero-hour. *Please don't forget!*

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Many people who would normally prefer the traditional type of burial and a lasting memorial to friends and relatives, are having to accept cremation because they are so shocked with utility headstones enforced by local councils.—Report in *Daily Telegraph*. (M. Hammond.)

Four frogs, which are to represent Margate in an international frog-jumping contest at South Africa's Hibiscus Festival on May 21, arrived at London Airport yesterday from America. To make them eligible for the contest, Ald. H. V. Ward, Mayor of Margate, will make them British "citizens" before they leave for South Africa.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. Lynton.)

The "advertising kings in council" had themselves, he said, submitted a list of the things which would be excluded from television advertising, and these included matrimonial agencies, fortune-tellers, undertakers, systems of slimming or bust development ("unless in the British Institute of Standards"), and cures for smoking or alcoholism. —Speech reported in *Manchester Guardian*. (D. M. Williams.)

I have been married for 32 years to an unromantic man. I find all the love I need in my mongrel dog.—Letter in *Sunday Chronicle*. (M. Sreberny.)

China in Uniform

III.—The New Orthodoxy

One Confucian survivor from the old regime made wisecracks at the expense of the Government, and then reminded me not to repeat what he had said. "Of course not," I said, "but would you get into trouble if I did?" He considered for a moment, and then said "Yes, if I were thought to have denigrated the regime to a foreigner, I should get a period of re-education." "Would you be badly treated?" I asked. "No," he replied, "I have known several people who have gone through the process; I should be quite kindly treated—I should just be re-educated."

He was one of the silent, unimportant, unconverted, who no doubt abound in China. For most intellectuals, no such fear now exists. Any liberal views and disloyal thoughts which may have been in their minds have practically passed away in the excitement of a revolution which generally earns their esteem, and which is supported by the colossal weight of a public opinion which automatically accepts the new basis of society as explained in detail by the classes in Marx-Leninism, which, at one time or another, almost everyone attends, and by the constant stream of newspaper and wireless propaganda. They have no more desire to maintain unorthodox opinions than a schoolboy, who may think, when he first leaves an unconventional home, that he will let his hair grow long and give his spare time to music rather than football. After a fortnight, no one at school is more particular to be inconspicuous in his costume, or louder in his admiration for the First Eleven.

I recall a number of conversations in Peking with Chinese intellectuals and men of letters, whom I had known in London, or whose pre-revolutionary record was well known to me. They had not formerly been members of the Communist Party. They appeared to be happily absorbed. One of them, a scholar of high repute, told me that he had been brought up in the tradition of Adam Smith and the utilitarian individualists He found it hard to discard this individualism. "The old Adam keeps creeping back?" I asked. "I try to overcome it," he said. "I am now convinced that it was wrong." The entire motivation in the New China, he said, had changed from that of self-seeking to that of unselfish co-operation. Self-criticism was encouraged; no one was allowed to bully or be overbearing to a critical junior; it was the superior who got into trouble if he didn't take notice of the criticism. In so far as he had doubts—and I pressed him on many points—he was prepared to go on inquiring and seeking the correct answer from his moral superiors. His state of mind, I realised, was precisely that of an English Protestant who has decided, on what he feels to be good grounds, to be received into the Catholic Church. When he is not sure, he believes he needs further instruction from a priest.

On my last day in Peking, I lunched with a friend whom I had known for years in England as a writer of sensitive and imaginative prose; a non-political intellectual, he had returned to Communist China somewhat doubtful about his ability to fit into the new order. He now edits a literary magazine and translates English classics into Chinese. We had seen each other several times in Peking; he had arranged a small dinner party of literary friends, some of them old friends from England, and we had spent a morning wandering in the Forbidden City (not in fact forbidden since the 1911 revolution), enjoying its wonders and talking much as we should have done in my cottage garden at home. On this last day he rebuked me for showing, he said, prejudice against the regime. Some of my questions had been loaded. I had assumed that an English girl with a job in China today must be a Communist, and that a well-known philosopher would be making his course on Chinese philosophy culminate in Marxism. I ought to come again with a more open mind, and stay much longer.

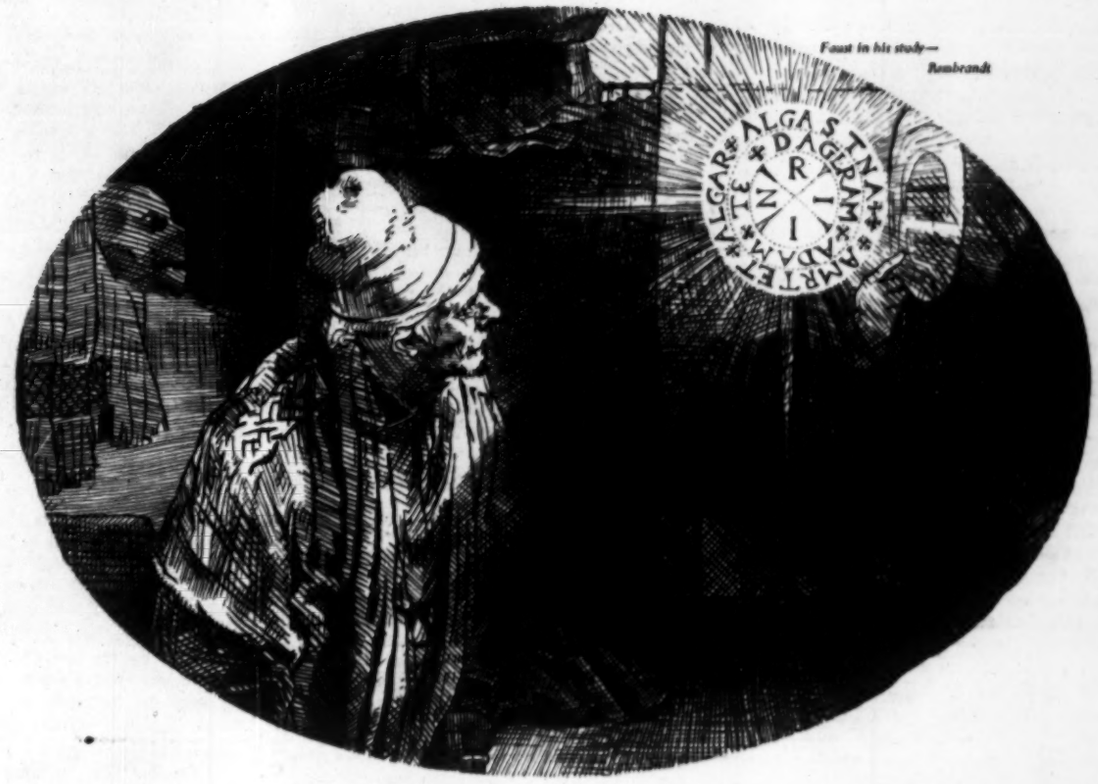
My friend was fatter and, I should say, happier than he used to be. He had literary work that satisfied him; once he had proved his wholehearted acceptance of the New China and shaken off the dust of the West, in rather ungenerous terms I thought, he had been given more scope and recognition in China, and for that matter much more freedom, than he could have had under the Kuomintang, which kept literary people in a strait-jacket of fear. I do not think my friend was pretending to be contented; if he had doubts, they were probably hidden even from himself.

I hope I have made it clear that in the new China there is idealism as well as uniformity. Idealism has its dangerous as well as its attractive aspects. A new society is being built from which, as far as possible, liberalism and individualism are being purged. To build such a society means to establish, universally, assumptions that are the very opposite of those on which Western society had rested since the Renaissance. When we consider this partly forcible uniformity of opinion, we at once look for historical parallels among the intolerant Protestant communities built by the early settlers in North America. But a more true comparison is with that of medieval Christendom. In the Middle Ages, there was no alternative to a belief in the Catholic God and an acceptance of the absolute authority of the Church and the priesthood. Until the new knowledge began to seep in, it was rare indeed for anyone to hold heretical doctrines. When scientific and Protestant heresies began to appear, the Inquisition was established to deal with them. Within these limits, men were free to dispute on detailed matters of doctrine and politics; they produced great art and literature. Today the Communist world is seeking to establish, for materialism, an equally unchallengeable authority.

The first job is to establish the new faith and, for that purpose, heresy has to be rooted out by propaganda and, if necessary, by inquisitorial methods. At the present stage, the intellectual who accepts the basic truth on which society is to be built, has at least as much freedom as intellectuals in most countries in the world, and not many of them have any more desire to assert the existence of God, or deny the authority of the Communist Party, than medieval scholars had to become heretics. They paint, with the examples of the old Chinese masters before them, and they write, with a new enthusiasm, to further the ends of the revolution. They are uniform in political and philosophic because, on basic matters, their interests and their opinions are orthodox.

Westerners, brought up in the liberal tradition, but with every sympathy for the achievements of the revolution, must be conscious of a grim reservation. Will the next generation even know that there are other intellectual worlds to conquer? Will they become tolerant as they become safe from external and internal attack? Or will uniformity grow until Big Brother's lightest word is law? I do not know, but the danger is there because the rulers of China, like the Catholic Church, believe they have discovered final truth. And to me this is the final error.

KINGSLEY MARTIN



Faust in his study—
Rembrandt

Man loves to wonder, and that is the seed of his science—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803—1882)

Ever since he watched his first meteor-trail, man has been wondering—about what makes the sky stay up, or why a kettle-lid jumps. From his first uncertain, casual thoughts whole branches of science have been born, and great industries have sprung. His ideas have become facts, and his facts have guided nations. In the research departments of modern industry today, scientists are experimenting and speculating. Molecular structure, the behaviour of light, the mysteries of temperature — their study of these problems helps to sow the seeds for new sciences tomorrow, and to build finer products today. In the great world of man's economic creation, his power to wonder is the secret of his power to advance.

Esso *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

Crusoe at Gravesend

I EXPECTED Sir Galahad at Gravesend, but I found Robinson Crusoe. He was a lean, dark, hard man with a bold nose, kneeling on the floor of a bright little committee room in Union Street, sawing a piece of beaverboard, like the cleverest boy in the art room, and saying "I'm the only candidate here who can make his own notice boards." Sir Richard Acland is lively, light and always on the spot. There was a scribble on the door outside, in this slum street, asking if anyone else could get rooms like his for 15s. a week. A dabster, he could have added many other notes on his knacks and specialities. He is the only candidate who could pack and unpack an open-air film show, complete with amplifiers and music, and a portable picture exhibition, into a Bedford van, with the speed and precision of a born camper. His helpers pretty soon have to give up and leave it to him. Whatever happens, he will have worked every minute at being Robinson Crusoe on the desert island of Gravesend, for he is not, in the least, the incompetent crank or the soft eccentric. He is eagerly ingenious, a natural improviser and organiser and, like Crusoe, afraid only of the devil. He is delighted to be fighting a TV election without TV; that sets him a problem and he likes problems. He drives round, balancing his advantages and disadvantages, looking round to see if the records are packed, the wires correctly coiled, and he does not begin to doubt that thousands of Man (and Woman) Fridays will cover the sands with their footprints on the way to his election. He is a man on his own; and, like many solitaries of this kind, he knows everyone and everyone knows him. He has seen to it that he is called Mr. Acland. I suspect it is romantic for him not to be known as a baronet. He is really the school captain: he even seems to be still growing, wrist, neck and ankle, out of his off-the-peg tweed jacket and his thin brown corduroys.

Gravesend is the last town on the south bank of the Thames estuary, a pretty full-stop after twenty miles of London's industrial rubbish heap. From streets built in the 18th century and the Regency one looks across the river to Tilbury and, every few minutes, the liners, the cargo ships, tramps, the tankers of all nations, the lighters and the tugs go by between the banks of the Thames marshes. It is a soothing, interminable and dreaming traffic. One can watch it all day long until the strong light off the water makes the eyes ache. Steep streets go down to the piers of the ferries, the tugs and the pilots. This cosy little town is the biggest pilot station in the world. The river streets are full of watermen who come out of the stories of W. W. Jacobs and, if there are not as many public houses as there were twenty-five years ago, there are more to every couple of hundred yards than in any other place I have been in. More butchers shops, too, more small cafés. Gravesend men earn their living on the water, for a large number of Tilbury dockers come from here; they also work in the cement factories, whose chimneys stick up like pink pencils at every bend of the green sea wall, in the paper mills, rubber works, the fantastic oil refinery on the marshes, and in the market gardens of the rich countryside of Kent. Co-ops. thrive; the speckled Georgian houses suggest the Dickensian dream of retirement on the blissful three per cents. But there are also slums—Union Street is one—where voices scald; and down at Northfleet, which is in the constituency, the cement dust whitens the roofs and the grass, and bedraggles the washing hanging on the lines. Outside, there are the new housing estates circling the old, decaying villages.

In the main, except for Acland, Gravesend has a Tory history, and Labour has had bad luck with its candidates. Something about the town makes for discrepancy or mild scandal; and when Acland took the seat for Labour in 1947 he had been cleverly chosen to raise the moral tone and to turn a backsliding place towards high-mindedness. That has turned out to be as awkward for Gravesend as its earlier dubiety, for Sir Richard's good conscience has split the official party as earlier lapses from virtue had disheartened it. Not only that, in the reshuffling of constituencies Gravesend has lost the strong factory area of Swanscombe. The campaign has not got going very strongly; and next week, as the flags fluttering in the High Street show, the candidates will have to contend with Cricket Week, the great annual celebration of the town.

The Conservative, a young journalist who sits in a charming piece of Regency decay and has a little back room with a portrait of Stanley Baldwin and a case of stuffed birds, is making his first stand for Parliament and thinks he has a good chance since Labour is split. He says only one person has asked about the hydrogen bomb at his meetings so far. The official Labour candidate, who comes from the L.C.C. and has his rooms above the funeral department of the Co-op., looks down upon the motor hearses and denies, with a successful lawyer's quickness, that the party is split, but he has to split a hair to prove it. He is out to pull the party together by push and the personal smile, but the party itself hardly knows him. Their minds are filled with the broodings of wounded affection for Acland. Acland was the whole organisation. It is as if Crusoe had left Friday on the island to get along on his own.

The dilemma is a real one: loyalty in conflict with moral passion. Acland has the Puritan vanity in being the begetter of moral agony. "I am Mr. Acland. I'm afraid I've put you in a difficulty this time," he says on the cottage doorstep. He rather relishes that. Nearly every man or woman I spoke to, Labour or Tory, was a pragmatist: if others have got the bomb, we must have it too; Acland has troubled them by reviving Labour's traditional moral feeling. They wished Acland was not so right; or rather, they wished he had not, as it were, made off with the party's fund of righteousness. Why be righteous on his own? That is what comes of trusting the aristocracy. "Yah, fifteenth baronet. We've finished with that sort of thing a long time ago. Anyway he isn't rich. Or, if he is, he didn't spend his money here. Gave his estate away—why? It paid him." He has stirred up the inevitable envy and suspicion. It is painful to see the decent, steady people in the local party repressing their resentment, trying to be fair. They know that, in the long view, Labour's strength has lain in its collective spirit and not in romantic singularity; on the other hand, they know Acland expresses something which the Labour Party once had, but has lost. But why be right (they ask, worried but resolute) in *that* way? As I listened to Acland speak I suddenly saw a third personality emerge. I had seen Galahad and Crusoe; now he was De Valera—the De Valera who tied people's consciences into knots and caused a civil war about the metaphysics of Oath No. 1 and Oath No. 2. And with that lean, Puritan face, the black hair, the sharp nose, the strong glasses and the long neck, we sat under the great personal charm of iron De Valera's restless double.

My impression may be wrong, but I think people had made their minds up about Acland and the bomb. Render unto Caesar at the polls; render unto God elsewhere. All candidates complained of apathy. Was it television that had made Little Brother superfluous? One saw what Acland was up against one cold evening in a housing estate. There were the two Bedford vans and the electrical equipment; on a screen, in the open, he was projecting a film about the human horror of Hiroshima. Pictures of half-burned babies, mutilated mothers, headless bodies, are not pretty; but scores of children sat watching on the grass and laughed and cheered and giggled in what was, no doubt, a healthy pleasure in a new Horror Comic. Audience: these children, a few teenage youths treating it all as funny smut, and about sixteen silent adults. Around us were the lights in the houses of hundreds of indifferent families. They were glad the children were out of the way. The one-man show cannot compete with the mass media. It was worse when the crowd moved to the ingenious booth where Acland displayed the beautiful and terrible Japanese panels of Maruki and Akamatsu. The corner boys and the kids jeered and, left alone for a second, they would have disfigured the lot and kicked them down in that violent hatred of art which an earlier training on the comics and the hoardings had insinuated. These were the children of the new housing estates, the products of the new education, and the general care for social welfare we have nowadays. We may, of course, be facing the old difficulty of adolescence in our society and I was told that the young man who sternly kept order and protected the pictures, had been one of the worst cases of adolescent barbarity a few years ago. I went away with a raw memory of this political sideshow: the high, delightful laughter of children—laughing contentedly at the mutilated bodies of other children. I believe Acland holds this show indoors now. Here and there, there must be imaginative people who understand the guilt of the West and the change that must take place before it is expiated.

I left Gravesend by water on the Tilbury ferry. Abruptly, as I stepped down the gangway, I was forced to study another form of exaltation. It was not political. I found myself in the middle of a W. W. Jacobs' story. There was the sound of a loud, unctuous, baritone voice singing song after song, with swirls of expression, from the engine room. I looked down through the iron bars, but all I could see at first was a fat and silent stoker standing in a state of helpless suffering. The singing came from out of sight. But presently the singer popped out and looked up through the bars, bawling away still, to see if he had got an audience. He dodged to and fro several times. "What's the matter? Pay day? Giving the wife an extra half quid this week?" a waterman sneered back through the bars. The appalling voice went on. It continued across the river. It had been going on for hours, the crew said. It had been going on for weeks. "He never stops. It's driving us barmy." And someone said, "Waiting for Carroll Levis to pick him out." This was one of those outbursts of lyrical feeling and stubborn singularity that—at certain seasons, Jacobs used to tell us—would seize first mates, second mates, engine hands and even skippers and afflict the crews of the small craft of the Thames estuary. The waterman, like the Puritan, is liable to uncomfortable visitations in his inner life. If Gravesend has its Galahad-Crusoe, it has also its John McCormick. I wonder if either will get in? In their different ways, they were both artists up against the mass media and human nature.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Uncle Holly

THE smile is benign, the voice smooth with goodwill, the handshake a benediction. "How wonderful to have you here," says Lord Woolton, eyes gleaming moistly with enthusiasm for all God's creatures. The clap on the back, the glad hand ready, the urgent whisper of great things to be done—what a friendly man is Lord Woolton. How strange that everyone does not love him. How odd that even the Conservatives do not like him more than they do. Is it that all that enthusiasm, that ever-bubbling goodwill grates a little even when the efficiency has to be admired? Cheer leaders are fine fellows, no doubt, and very necessary. But can't they ever be off duty? Lord Woolton is never off duty. That is what makes him so valuable. The frock coat is never cast aside: he is the shopwalker with the ever-open eye. Two eyes. One for the customers: one—sharper, but still mellow, for don't we all know that happy workers are good for business?—for the staff. A wonderful man. The Conservatives owe a lot to him; he has taught them all about salesmanship. They ought to be very grateful. And so, of course, they are. But they will smile behind his back. Or, worse, look faintly embarrassed—like an Anglican bishop when one mentions Billy Graham.

The embarrassment one can perhaps sometimes understand: Lord Woolton is so very, very avuncular. No chap's head is safe. But he is nothing to smile about. He knows exactly what he is doing. Born in Manchester seventy-two years ago, Frederick James Marquis was a bright boy who went from Manchester Grammar School to Manchester University. When he left it with a degree in economics, the idea of social service implanted in his mind both at his school and his home was still strong. A Unitarian and a Liberal, he became Warden of the University Settlement in Liverpool and found himself rapidly making progress in the esteem of those rich Merseyside merchants who were anxious to foster social service and help the poor without doing anything radical enough to endanger a system which so manifestly equated success with true moral worth. He was, one gathers, an excellent Warden, quick to promote good fellowship, ready, then as always, with the warm handclasp and the encouraging pat on the shoulder, persuasive and tactful on committees, a wonderful raiser of funds. It was perhaps inevitable that wider horizons should call him. What, after all, are the opportunities for social service provided by settlement work compared with those that business—business with a social conscience as well as a profit motive, of course—has to offer?

He joined the staff of Lewis's, and in large-scale retail business found his true walk in life. He introduced into the firm a number of very satisfying welfare schemes designed to show that the rising business man was still a good social worker at heart, blazed the trail in trying to attract boys from the Public schools and the universities into what had tended to be regarded as the lower-middle-class occupation of shopkeeping, and at the same time developed a remarkable flair for business organisation and financial management. The era of big department store advertising—the age of "the customer is always right" and "you will find it here better and cheaper"—was opening. For this age the future Lord Woolton was just the man. He loved advertising. He was so good at inventing slogans that he convinced even himself. And there he was, oozing kindness and goodwill, the living proof of his own thesis that it pays to be a good employer, that there is nothing like one big happy family to make the cash registers ring merrily through all the long day. Behind the *bonhomie*, it is true, there lay a very keen business sense, a sharp eye for efficiency, a driving ambition that could, when need be, disclose what to some unkind critics seemed a ruthless concentration on the main chance. This is not a side of himself that Lord Woolton, then or now, often shows. (He prefers the disguising robe of a universal Uncle Holly.) But it was enough to enable him to end up—still breathing *bonhomie* and good works—as Chairman and Senior Managing Director of the firm and director of numerous other companies.

He did not concern himself with politics. Business inspired by just the right amount of benevolence gave him plenty to do. He was still nominally a Liberal and a member of the Reform Club, although now he tended to call himself an independent. He was a provincial who stuck closely to Liverpool, Manchester and the North, a successful man but not by any stretch of the imagination a nationally known one. It was the war which brought him on to a national stage. He was asked to advise the War Office on clothing for the army and showed such remarkable business ability in the job that Mr. Churchill picked him out for the difficult task of Minister of Food when the new Government was formed. There is no doubt of his success in that office—although he is open to the criticism that he was often unwilling to interfere with existing trade practices when interference would have been desirable. But he brought order, sound administration and efficiency into a badly disorganised Ministry; and he developed the art of public relations to a point of genius. Indeed, there were some in the Ministry who complained that he spent more time with his D.P.R. than he gave to the job of buying and distributing food. The results justified him. The public has always had a soft spot for artful Uncle Holly—though some of his closer associates have occasionally found his artistry a little hard to take. It is even said that unappreciative Labour colleagues in the War Cabinet used to call him "Oily Fred."

When he moved to the Ministry of Reconstruction he was not so successful. Here what was required was the careful co-ordination of numerous activities and a good deal of hard thinking about fundamental questions of social and economic policy. That is not Lord Woolton's *métier*. He is not good at co-ordination, as he showed when Sir Winston Churchill turned him into an Overlord in 1951. He has little capacity for hard, intelligent social thinking. He is the happy salesman in politics as he was in business, the public relations officer writ large, the front man with the big drum, the glad hand and the welcoming smile—but also with a shrewd eye for what is expedient when it comes to pulling strings in the back room.

With his success at the Ministry of Food and his talent for streamlined organisation in selling goods to the masses he was obviously exactly the man the Conservative Party needed when the time came for a badly wanted clean-up at Central Office. The fact that he had never previously displayed any particularly deep-seated political principles did not matter. Their lack did not trouble Lord Woolton—why should they trouble anyone else? He had all the right instincts. He believed—as why should he not?—in big business. He was ready to sell the public what they wanted and, if they wanted a Welfare State, who better than he to show them that the Conservative shop was always ready to stock what their competitors had shown there was a market for? He resigned from the Reform and moved over to the Carlton, radiating goodwill and the higher business ethics, and calling earnestly for a million pounds with which to put the new Conservatism on a sound commercial basis.

Under him the Tory machine has been transformed. Before he arrived, the stereotype Conservative agent tended to be a rather sad, middle-aged man, with an army background, a well-developed respect for contributors to local party funds, and a barely concealed envy for the more spirited organisation of his Labour rival. Lord Woolton altered all that. He has streamlined the organisation, recruited smart young Public school men and young ladies with good telephone manners, taught it modern research methods, inspired it with the best modern precepts of public relations, and packaged its goods according to the higher salesmanship.

There are those who perceive in that smooth, beaming face, those hands rubbed gently together with such benign goodwill, a trace of hypocrisy. They wonder how any man can believe in Lord Woolton quite so much as Lord Woolton does. They ask themselves whether it is possible for him to believe quite everything he says. Such questions have no point. Lord Woolton, the supreme salesman, has not failed to sell himself to himself. He has read what it says on the package and he knows that it must be true.

Twilight of a God

THOUGH he was really a film producer, Mr. Jasper Ulrick might have been taken for a statesman, or perhaps a criminal of influence and power. This was an impression created by his size, which was authoritative, and also by his manner of walking and making an entrance, which was as if to the sound of trumpets.

"The world, Chisborough, the world!" announced Mr. Ulrick as he entered his office. And —"People, Chisborough!" he said, sitting down abruptly behind his desk.

"Quite," said Chisborough.

"Why do I make films?" asked Mr. Ulrick, in wonder at himself. "You might say to please people. But, on the whole, I detest people." Mr. Ulrick's most recent productions had been failures of such magnitude that his name now inspired awe, admiration, even a kind of love, throughout the entire industry. It fascinated, like death and destruction.

"Contemporary people, contemporary furniture, contemporary conversation," he said, with a provocative stare at his assistant. He liked to bait Chisborough, who was a graduate of the London School of Economics.

"You would have preferred some other era?" Chisborough asked.

"Naturally."

"Which?"

"The Elizabethan."

"It stank."

"What did you say?"

"It stank," said Chisborough, raising his voice. Fifteen yards or so separated his desk from Mr. Ulrick's. "No drainage to speak of. In addition, there was widespread injustice, cruelty, poverty, ignorance, disease, and an average expectation of life of about thirty-three."

"Are you a bloody Communist, Chisborough?" asked Mr. Ulrick curiously.

"Certainly not."

Mr. Ulrick was disappointed.

"Why the hell aren't you?"

"I lack that kind of self-dedication," said Chisborough, with a certain prim pride. "However," he went on, "the Communists will undoubtedly win, in the end.

"Oh—why?"

"Because they are prepared to die, if necessary, for the future of mankind."

"My God," said Mr. Ulrick, "those are the worst sort. The Lord preserve us from them."

"A pious wish," said Chisborough thinly. He had a sharp nose, down which he peered at Mr. Ulrick as along the barrel of a rifle. He considered Mr. Ulrick to be a dangerous and extravagant fraud.

Mr. Ulrick swore at him.

"Above all things," said Chisborough, "I hate vulgarity."

"You could use some of it," said Mr. Ulrick, with conviction. He waited. Chisborough turned away and began to score heavy lines across a sheet of blank paper. Mr. Ulrick sighed. He had, he saw, gone too far. He picked up a script off a pile in one of his in-trays and started to read the synopsis. He read with gathering gloom. The story appeared to concern an Englishman who took his bride to some uncivilised place and founded a White settlement among a tribe there. He made the tribe stop fighting and drinking and generally enjoying themselves—in favour of collective farming, civics and monogomy. Eventually a neighbouring tribe attacked the settlement, and the Englishman and his wife died on a burning roof, pointing out to each other quite happily that their work would live on.

"Bloody Communists!" said Mr. Ulrick, when he had finished. He sat back, appalled. Then he detached the synopsis from its folder.

"Read this, Chisborough," he said. "It's about your Communists, in a way."

"My Communists?" said Chisborough, in repudiation. He journeyed across the room and retreated with the synopsis. Hissing noises escaped him as he read. Finally he called out, "Dreadful, perfectly dreadful!"

"What's the matter with it?"

Chisborough enumerated a number of objections that had already occurred to Mr. Ulrick. "Rubbish," said Mr. Ulrick peevishly. "Have you no feeling for the long shot, the gamble, the hunch?"

"No," said Chisborough. "And I fail to see the Communist connection," he added.

All at once, it seemed to Mr. Ulrick that Chisborough had subtle reasons for not wanting this picture made. But he was silent. Chisborough apart, the matter of the script was becoming serious. He recognised the symptoms in himself: a virtual suspension of reason; a feeling of extreme recklessness and irresponsibility; a compulsion to risk the consequences of his own power. With fear and joy in his heart, he turned to the first page of the script itself. Chisborough began to make vicious little drawings of Mr. Ulrick on the back of the synopsis.

The only sounds in the office were of Mr. Ulrick's excited breathing and the scratch-scratch of Chisborough's ball-point. Mr. Ulrick dreamed as he read, and soon he was floating over an enormous gulf down which rivers of coinage poured, producing a grand and golden haze all about him. Then there was a brief knock and Stella Wallace came round the door; first her head, then the rest of her, sinuously. Stella was still a considerable star, though of late she had been calling on producers regularly.

"Darling!" she said.

"Sweetheart," said Mr. Ulrick mechanically. It was his vanity not to look up for at least one minute after a visitor entered his office. He continued to read. Stella hoisted herself on to his desk and revealed her knees to Chisborough. She privately thought him a dreary young man, but it was understood that he would be a producer himself some day. She smiled at the exact centre of his forehead and talked to Mr. Ulrick.

"I adored *The Savage Virgins*, darling," she said. This had been the title of Mr. Ulrick's last film, a story of an adventurer who discovered a valley in South America inhabited entirely by beautiful young women. They held him captive, for obvious reasons, but he finally managed to escape, taking the most beautiful of the young women with him back to London. "Everyone I know adored it," said Stella.

Mr. Ulrick looked up now, with distaste. He regarded Stella as little better than an alley cat. "How is the Turk?" he asked.

"You mean my Syrian? I've sent him back to Damascus. Do you know, he started to dress for dinner in my best evening gown." Stella forced herself to make hot eyes at Mr. Ulrick. "So now I'm all alone again, darling."

"Well, well," said Mr. Ulrick. He patted her knee for the sake of form. "And what are you up to now?" he asked.

"Rejecting one offer after another, darling. Such awful scripts! And you?"

"As a matter of fact . . ." Mr. Ulrick hesitated, having both hoped for, and dreaded, that question. Then he encountered Chisborough's eye. He glared. "I'm lining up my next now," he said.

"Jasper! What's it about?" Mr. Ulrick told her.

"Heavenly!" Stella said. "The blazing roof, like . . . like Goddamerung!"

Mr. Ulrick gazed at her. Then he said calmly, "Well, then, if you're available . . .?"

"Darling, you mean . . .?"

"Of course. I never thought of anyone else for the part." Suddenly, Mr. Ulrick was seized by a savage exhilaration. He rose and began to stump the office, as weighty and formidable, in his moment of decision, as a man of stone. "By God," he said, "this is going to be really something!" He talked wildly about the picture. Chisborough listened in horror, wondering if Mr. Ulrick was simply playing a bad joke. As for Stella, who had much more imagination, it occurred to her that Mr. Ulrick might well be insane.

"We'll have *all* those bloody settlers on the roof, all together," roared Mr. Ulrick. He was beside himself. "The twilight of the false gods, by God!" Advancing on Stella with surprising speed, he lifted her off the desk and swung her round. "And we'll shoot the picture in Borneo, too," he said, "or wherever it is. How'd you like that?"

"Darling!" Stella felt genuinely afraid of Mr. Ulrick.

"All settled then. And now I must work." Panting, Mr. Ulrick escorted Stella to the door. Then he became aware of Chisborough again.

"By the way," he said, with a vague memory of an earlier conversation, "did you know Chisborough was a secret member of the Communist Party?"

"I am not," said Chisborough.

Stella said carefully, "Well, I think everyone is entitled to his own views."

Mr. Ulrick gave a shout of laughter. Then he clapped Stella on the bottom and thudded back to his desk. There were half a dozen telephones on it and he began to use them all.

JACK SEDDON

DENT

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Faith and Reason

[This essay wins £100 as the joint first prizewinner in our recent competition]

FAITH, or "belief in religious doctrines," like most human activities, has a functional role in human life. That is to say, if the religious beliefs of a person or group of people are examined, they will be seen to contribute to his or their ability to live. Faith is like a tool which men use, although those who have religious faith seldom recognise it as such.

The contention that faith is a method of dealing with life's problems requires four qualifications. The first is that it has a number of functions: it does several jobs. The second is that it is not a necessary function; that is, there is not always a job for it to do, and if there is a job to be done, other instruments may be available with which to do it. The third is that a man who has religious faith may use it to do either all or only some of the jobs which it is capable of doing, and in a group of people who have the same system of belief different persons may rely to a different extent on its various functions. The importance of each of the roles of faith, in other words, varies from person to person. The fourth qualification is that the truth or falsity of the belief does not affect its function.

Among the functions of religious faith are the control of other people's behaviour, personal adjustment, and explanation, or, more shortly, the moral, adjustive and explanatory functions.

The function of religious belief in controlling people's behaviour has acquired a topical interest since Mrs. Margaret Knight's series of broadcast talks on morals without religion, and the outcry of public indignation at what she said is an indication of the extent to which, even in these days of small attendances at church services, moral behaviour is underpinned or justified by religious beliefs. We send our children to Sunday School where they are taught that they ought to do what is right because that is what God wants them to do. Many adults may seldom act in the conscious belief that their actions may or will be rewarded or punished by an Almighty God, but if anyone suggests that religious education is unnecessary, a frequent reply is that without religion there would be no standards of decency and honesty and no reason for adhering to them.

Some religions make greater use of belief as a sanction of morality than do others, and different religions use different methods of relating doctrine to morality. Christianity probably makes the greatest use of metaphysical or supernatural beliefs in controlling the behaviour of its adherents, while Confucianism stands at the other extreme, being little more than a code of gentlemanly conduct. It is interesting to note that "scientific Marxism" resembles religious belief in its use of what claims to be a true description of what are sometimes called the "ultimate realities" for the purpose of enforcing a code of conduct. To be a "deviationary" in the Marxist way of speaking is comparable with being a "sinner" in the Christian language, though the penalties are considerably more painful.

Another function of religious faith is that of personal adjustment, of strengthening a person's resistance to the strains and stresses of life. Is he lonely? Then, if no one else cares, God does. Is he weak? God will strengthen him. Is he bereaved? "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted", and he will see his loved one in the house of many mansions. Does he suffer illness? Illness is an opportunity for testing his faith. Does he see no purpose in living? Religion makes sense of his life.

There can be no doubt that religious belief gives purpose and strength in this way to many people, and this function of faith is probably the most powerful, in the sense that a person's faith is more likely to be retained if its chief function is adjustive than if its chief function is either moral or explanatory. In the same way, the worse adjusted a person is, the more likely he is to adopt religious beliefs. Thus the lonely, the sick and those nearing the end of life tend to be more easily converted. And the recipe for a good revival sermon is to make your listener insecure, guilty and anxious about what may happen to him when he is dead.

The explanatory function of Christian religious belief has become gradually less important during the last century as "science," or "reason," has produced more useful explanations. Thus the scientific accounts of the evolution of the species and the geophysical development of the earth have replaced the biblical explanations. Nevertheless, there is still a place for religious explanation, and all Christians would claim that in the beginning God made the world. But religious people now see less conflict than before between faith and reason in the matter of physical explanation, mainly because religious explanation in these days is reserved for matters beyond the range of science. (This statement, of course, is true only of those who are capable of seeing conflict, where it exists, between religious and scientific accounts of material phenomena and wish not to be inconsistent.) Examples from another field are of the progress of psychiatry which has modified the belief in demons, and of psychology, which has shown that conscience is a product of learning and is not a divine mechanism built in by God.

The functions of faith which have just been described are not necessary, in the sense that it is possible that a person either may have no need of them or may satisfy his requirements in some other way. Thus a person who is well adjusted, who feels secure and confident, may feel no need for faith, and a person who is badly adjusted may join a non-religious organisation or console himself with drink. The person who has the authority or personality to get others to do as he wants is less likely to resort to moral exhortation and persuasion on moral grounds. And finally, as has been seen, when more useful and fruitful scientific explanations of material phenomena become available they replace religious explanations.

The importance of each of the functions of faith varies from person to person, because people have different needs. Of the three functions mentioned, the explanatory function is probably least used in Western society at the present time, and the adjustive function most; but usually all are found in a religious person, although generally one is much more marked. It is perhaps appropriate here to mention the fact that inconsistency frequently occurs, for few people are critical of their faith. Thus those who believe in the after-life and in God's mercy may be just as afraid to die as the next man. And, as I have said, the man who believes in an after-life would derive just as much support in facing a bereavement if the belief were false as he would if the belief were true.

The foregoing account of the functions of faith is of the kind which one would expect a sociologist or psychologist to give. It is, moreover, one which implies that the author is himself without such faith. This is surprising, because there is no logical inconsistency in both professing a faith, i.e., in claiming that the beliefs in question are true, and in describing the function of the faith. One would not, after all, feel that a description of the use we make of our

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knowledge of the atomic structure of the world in which we live was inconsistent with a statement of what we know about it. Why, then, does the description of the functions of faith imply disbelief?

The answer, briefly, runs thus. Both evidence and motive are factors in belief, but the truth or falsity of a belief depends on its evidence, the belief being justified if the evidence is sufficient. But one's motives also have influence, and one may believe without evidence or disbelief in the face of good evidence if one is strongly motivated to do so. Normally, there is no need to take account of motivation if a man believes when there is good evidence, and disbelieves when the evidence is insufficient. It is necessary to pay attention to motives only when he believes in spite of insufficient evidence or disbelieves when the evidence is strong. So, if a person believes the evidence for his faith to be adequate, no explanation of his faith is for him necessary. Only those who believe the evidence for the faith to be insufficient need to explain why the faithful hold their beliefs. And so it is that there is a tendency for only those who have no religious beliefs to account for faith in terms of its functions.

The reader will therefore not be surprised to learn that the writer himself is without religious faith, and thinks that there is no evidence to indicate the truth of religious beliefs. The arguments from design and the first cause fail in their purpose and the more specifically Christian "evidences," for example the supposed virgin birth and resurrection of Christ, have no greater success. For these latter, even were they established, would not prove what they are often taken to prove, namely such things as Christ's Sonship and the possibility of eternal life for believers. These remarks are not new and, indeed, their truth would be recognised explicitly by many believers. Religion, after all, requires an act of faith, which is implied in the differential uses of the words "faith" and "knowledge."

Thus the difference between those who live by faith and those who live by reason is that the former make an act of faith, that is, hold certain religious beliefs to be true, and accept their implications for daily conduct, without evidence, while the latter are unwilling to hold any beliefs that are unsupported by evidence.

We now come to the question, "Why do some people live by faith and others by reason?" My answer to this question is given in terms of the functions of belief outlined above. If I do not have faith it is because I have no need of it for helping me to control other people's behaviour, for assisting me to make an adjustment to the present circumstances of my life, nor for explanatory purposes. And why is it that I have no need of it in these ways? The answer to this question, I think, is to be found both in my history and in my present circumstances. I was taught other methods of controlling the behaviour of others than that of moral exhortation, and my personality is no doubt such as to influence others to an adequate extent. I was taught other methods of coping with life's sorrows, difficulties and unpleasantness than to rely on the hope of future reward, and perhaps my life at present is not sad, difficult and unpleasant. And I have been brought up to look for explanations of happenings in science textbooks rather than the Bible. Naturally, my circumstances may not always be so fortunate as they are at present. My health might break down, my personality might change so as to make people despise me, and I might have experiences for which there is no explanation in the textbooks. And should any or all of these things happen, I should not be surprised if changes were to occur in my beliefs and I were to feel an attraction for religious faith.

The description of the function of faith which has been given above allows the explanation and prediction of changes in faith. If there is an increase in the intensity of those needs which faith can satisfy, an increase in faith is to be expected. And it so happens that contemporary life does increase the intensity of such needs, especially in thoughtful people. The life of the nations has for long been anarchic, in the sense that since the Reformation there has been no international authority. But awareness of this anarchy has become much increased since 1945 when atomic weapons were first used. So, more and more, people have come to realise the need for international law and order. Consequently we hear people say, "If only all countries were Christian the problem of war would disappear, for no one would want to settle his differences with others by forcible means." Moreover, these same characteristics of modern life tend to make thoughtful people fear for their future and wonder "whether there is any sense in human existence." Thus the need for the moral and adjustive functions of faith have increased.

The conditions, therefore, for a religious revival clearly exist and it would not be surprising if one were to take place. But whether or not one will occur, and if it does, among whom, depends upon factors in the personality and education of the people concerned.

Perhaps the most important of these factors is the conflict between religion and science. The nature of the conflict has changed since the latter part of the last century. Then it was a matter of choosing between two conflicting accounts of the same thing: now the exponents of religion tend not to offer explanations on subjects for which science caters. Rather, the conflict today is between modes of thought, the kind of logic used. If one is accustomed to solving one's day-to-day problems by the method of reason, how can one resort to the method of faith, of belief without evidence, in other departments of life? This is the problem of the thoughtful man who has been brought up on the methods of science, and a very acute problem it is. It is no answer to say that there are questions, for example moral questions, with which science cannot deal. For although scientific procedures can help us to determine only means and not ends, intellectual integrity forbids him to use unverifiable or unverified beliefs in choosing his ends. There are many, of course, who do not feel the urge to consistency, for example men who are eminent mathematicians and physicists, yet are prepared to subscribe to metaphysical beliefs on a paucity of evidence that would be scandalous in professional matters. Whether or not one allows such inconsistency depends on the pressure of circumstances and on one's childhood and subsequent training.

So I am a child of my times. Having spent seventeen years of my life learning how to appreciate and assess evidence I now find myself compelled to use the method of reason and evidence whenever possible. And when it is a matter of choosing ends, where the rules of evidence do not apply, I must remain agnostic.

I am not prepared to say that intellectual consistency, or the life of reason, is absolutely more desirable, or better, than faith. Different people have different psychological requirements and each will live, and ought to live, the life that best satisfies his needs.

A. J. WICKEN

The Arts and Entertainment

David, Goliath and the Lark

RUMINATING as I went to the Lyric, Hammersmith, on the prospect of M. Anouilh's version of the Joan of Arc story, *The Lark*, I made ready to throw Shaw quietly overboard. His *St. Joan* is, after all (so I was prepared to persuade myself) an absurdly old-fashioned, terribly dated version of the story, invented by a nineteenth-century rationalist who still believed in such figments of the imagination as perfectibility, progress and causality. True, the play recently re-imposed itself—and is still doing so nightly at the St. Martin's—but that was no doubt partly due to a beautiful performance by Miss Siobhan McKenna, and partly simply that no one had since dared to give St. Joan the new look. M. Anouilh with his superb theatrical talent is, so I imagined, just the man to give it the post-war slant.

I even began to foresee how it would go. The curtain would rise, wouldn't it, on a tableau of the Trial in one of its pauses. And Chorus, a casual young man in jeans and a crew cut lounging against the proscenium arch, would put us in the picture. It would go something like this: "Tonight we take part in a death. But do not disturb yourselves. You are not called on to suffer—yet. The Lark will suffer for you. That is the Lark, there, that little smudged girl you see with her head bowed, and the small sad smile at the corner of her lips. She is not smiling at us. She is not smiling at the blindness of her persecutors. She is smiling at herself, at the memory of herself as a girl, pulling the hair of her brother in the fields at home when the Angelus sounded. She will not smile much more. On her right, sitting on the bench, in the clerical suit with the gold cross on his watch chain, is the Bishop of Beauvais. This is his last public appearance. His resignation has just been accepted. In his heart he is already living in his new country house, enjoying his collection of Rockingham china and pinching the behind of the young serving girl he has engaged. But he would like to do one good act as his last. He would like to save Joan. He would like to save her from that thin-lipped Colonel with the monocle and the highly polished boots, who sits behind him. And who never speaks. He has no need to. He knows the outcome already. And that too is why the handsome young priest behind Joan wears a small sad smile at the corner of *his* lips. He is not smiling at the memory of himself as a boy pulling the hair of his sister in the fields at home when the Angelus sounded. He smiles because he knows, too. That is the advantage of history. History is passionless, aseptic, true. It has already happened. With Fiction it is different. Fiction. . . .

And after another five minutes of this, the play would begin with its subtle contemporary gloss on the old theme. It would probably centre round Innocence, fresh and fragile, a faint brave flicker in the black night of the Inevitable. The Dauphin would be beautiful and sad and in love. Impossible! For his name is Charles, and he is called the Dauphin, and he must play his role *jusqu'au bout*. It would all be wanly pessimistic, yet wryly hopeful; and however it turned out, at the end of it all the flowsy old Shavian rattletrap, with its dialectics and chronology and its comic belief in reason and the historic process, would be trundled off our stages.

How different it turned out in the event! Just the very opposite. M. Anouilh has chosen to fight Shaw on his own ground and with his own weapons, and only succeeds in making himself look the most shallow of triflers, a far too precocious young David, who instead of using his home-made sling and pebbles, stumbles about tripping over the Giant's shield and spear. The ghost of Shaw, in fact, is far the most vivid character in the play at Hammersmith. He has a longer part even than Miss Tutin's; he is never off the stage. As M. Anouilh desperately pushes on scene after scene cribbed, it would seem, straight from the earlier play, the figure who lounges by the proscenium arch turns out to be the red-bearded Irishman in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers ironically whistling a song which runs "Anything you can do I can do better." M. Anouilh, it is true, brings out of his box one or two fashionable tricks. The story is told in flash-backs and fade-outs and, technically, these are adroitly managed. But they don't add a layer of any kind and the content is all Shaw's. Essentially this is simply his *St. Joan*, re-told, but re-told without any of the intellectual passion, the historical sweep or the fine tempered prose. *The Lark* may sound better in the French, and it might tell more in a Paris which probably knows the Shaw less. But here the comparison, which Anouilh's imitation continually invites, melts it quietly away as a triumphant sun melts away a pretty summer mist. All we are left with is the tricks, and all they add up to is an empty little piece of theatrical millinery.

The reason for producing it here is obviously to provide Miss Dorothy Tutin with yet another fat part. Even that may turn out to be a misjudgment. Not that Miss Tutin fails to grace it. The evening would be a great deal less supportable without her. With her smudged urchin face, her androgynous tomboy charm, her sincere slurred diction, she makes a touching and appealing figure. We should all like to pull her hair affectionately, pat her and blow her tip-tilted nose for her. But the part is singularly unvaried, and she hasn't the kind of talent which can conceal monotony.

The acting of a large supporting cast ranges from the downright indifferent to the conventionally good. But it doesn't rise above conventional. Consider Mr. Laurence Naismith who has the biggest part, the Bishop of Beauvais. We last saw him giving a quite brilliant performance as the Prime Minister in *The Burning Glass*. There he was a real personality, nutty, and jagged with individuality and particularisation. Here he is only a loosely defined splodge of undifferentiated sincerity, a generalised common factor of benevolence, a cypher sign for a species of fictional prelate. As such it is a good performance; but as such it is also boring. The same is true for the other types, Mr. Michael Goodliffe's fanatical Inquisitor for instance (Anouilh's single departure from the Shaw characterisation). Mr. Donald Plesance is the Shavian Dauphin to the life, and Mr. Leo Kern alone makes something alive out of the small part of the Promoter. A production which only evokes this conformist kind of acting cannot be called a success. Mr. Peter Brook manages the fades in and out neatly and unobtrusively, and whirls up a splendid climax for the last two minutes. But the first business of a director is to draw creative acting from his cast, and here Mr. Brook fails us. I strongly suspect, though, that the failure is not in him or in them.

T. C. WORSLEY

Jack Smith

FOR the first time, I suspect, the bullfight has entered English art. In one medium or another it is invading London with the persistence of those coffee bars; can this be part of a larger conspiracy to transform our habits? Jack Smith's new exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery is dominated by a group of bullfighting subjects and indeed the popularity of the theme is a significant sign of the times. Fauvists, Cubists, Expressionists inherited from the nineteenth century a simple

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plain repertoire of subjects; the human face and figure naturally occupied, conventional objects of still life on a conventional scale, equally conventional landscapes. These painters devoted themselves to renewing the vitality and significance of this material by different usages of form, colour and space. The danger, of course, was mannerism, a grammarian's art. At this moment, as previous exhibitions at this same gallery and the current *Daily Express* show suggest, many young painters are absorbed in a different pursuit, in searching for a significant subject, a subject which will reflect their anxiety or form a suitable vehicle for a new Sincerity. So far the quest has led most often, I believe, to melodrama or sentimentality. The human or animal creature must now, it appears, display its nerves, or its innards, be actually or metaphorically plucked, flayed or depressed. In this search for the right thing to paint in 1955 the bullfight is an obvious possibility. Is not this the occasion when all is laid bare? Yes, the moment of truth. For one reason or another, Courbet and Géricault may be quoted as the ancestors of this movement, but in laying bare, Géricault was a passionate anatomist of structure and psychology; as a painter of the hunted animal, Courbet was a huntsman; and both of them were the freehold tenants of a romantic domain. Many of those painters who today turn to scenes of Realism and Violence are nothing but romantic tourists or picturesque travellers. Smith's bullfights seem to me not the outcome of romantic experience but of romantic indulgence.

Another sign to be observed in this show is the size of the pictures; they are mostly four feet high and more. The kitchen sinks and chairs in the domestic interiors are life size—as were the hares and chickens and fruit trees of Rebeyrolle. This enlargement of the additional scale of still lifes and interiors is another aspect of the search for a new subject. It is made in an attempt to emancipate such things from the art school studios or from any number of modern stereotypes. To come upon a life-size chair, almost at ground level, is quite a different encounter from viewing Van Gogh's property at the Tate. But a true emancipation of objects cannot come from such enlargement or from multiplying the number of glasses or corn-flake packets in a still life; it can only come from the vitality and eloquence of the artist's performance; not from seeing things differently, but from realising them more profoundly. It is only necessary to look at the Picasso drawings at the Marlborough Gallery to see how this worked in 1953-54 in the matter of such old romantics as clowns. If the enlargement of things in Smith's work is achieved at the moment of conception rather than in the performance, how suitable is his method for encompassing this epic view?

His most obvious trade marks are his colour and his paint. The colour is dominated by duns and dirty whites. When a fruit or a leaf or a dress acquires a more positive tint, it is as if the green or pink was picked up as a reflection from some object in the gallery. The colour is certainly most original and characteristic, but it does not help to make things substantial—it gives them rather the uniformity and flatness which is conferred by a khaki uniform. The colour, in fact, thins out the material of the object. Now the pigment is put on as though it were an expedient, which did not have to be controlled but merely used and used in all literalness. There are, therefore, large areas of this negative colour smeared on in a casual way, having in consequence no firmness or actuality. Exceptional drawing might hold these areas together, but Smith is not a commanding draughtsman. That can be seen in his modelling of the objects, whether a bull or a glass. He uses the paint brush as if it were soft pencil, accepts the monochrome of the pencil's vocabulary and inscribes the objects with pigment into the neutral background. The total method is, as I have said, characteristic; it has a puritanical aversion from elegance, bravura or subtlety, but it is just not very effective. And so the three elements—the important, "stressed" subject, the scale imposed upon them and the method—are not in the end integrated. The subject, particularly in the case of the still lifes is already becoming a stereotype, and the lack of true concentration is emphasised by the epic scale; the size is made the more noticeable because the method is in itself so ineloquent and that in turn diminishes our sense of the importance of the subject. Smith is a serious and very talented painter but at the present he seems to me to be overworking, forcing his gifts, making too rapidly a series of gestures. The next measure he should impose must be a deflationary one.

The Gilman show at the Tate is valuable above all for revealing faithfully one of the best and most enjoyable of English painters. In the present context it is interesting to see how differently he developed his own knowledge and control of a very similar range of material. The youthful paintings in this show are modest but continually secure; the method is always sound yet with the right kind of incompleteness, each work pointing to a future expansion and development. The best pictures of his maturity are those in which his defiant convictions about colour have not hardened into those rigorous mannerisms which now and then threatened to destroy his exceptional sympathy for the people and places he painted. The Picasso drawings to which I have already referred are the most enlivening works to be seen in London for a very long time. I hope to consider them at greater length next week, together with the new exhibition at the A.I.A.

BASIL TAYLOR

Festival at Bath

MR. IAN HUNTER, the energetic impresario who is turning his attention from Edinburgh to Bath, holds much the same view as Romeo about what should be "ordained festival": instruments (two orchestras), cheer (a *ridotto* in the Pump Room), solemn hymns (well, *The Creation* in the Abbey), flowers. But the Bath May Festival, although "devoted in character to the arts of the XVIIIth century", lacked individuality, and so a reason for being. The twin pillars of festival were there, a Setting and an Event—the town itself, and Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, revived by Sir Thomas Beecham. But for the rest, conventional 18th century orchestral programmes, the indispensable Schwarzkopf or Seefried recital, the visiting virtuosos (here, Menuhin and De Vito in concert). Fringe events for the locals. Events, presumably, that pay.

Your true festival-goer seeks more. Not Mr. Emlyn Williams as Dickens—old stuff! Mr. Williams "presenting" Dylan Thomas? More interesting, but less enticing than a new play. And afterwards? At least two good restaurants make an asset, but who wants to walk festival streets with a coat on, or sit shivering at the local pageant (*The Battle of Trafalgar*) to see our Gillian impersonate a galleon? Not on the Avon, either—that is reserved for an old favourite, a water-borne performance of the *Water Music*.

The town didn't play up. It went to bed at midnight. It rained. It left the Royal Crescent unlit. It didn't even fill the Theatre Royal for the Event—Mr. Hunter's festival egg in one Messel-decorated basket, for Sir Thomas to transform into *omelette surprise*. True, a Beecham-conducted opera is almost festival in itself; the rarity-value alone is considerable. Future historians will write that, while our national opera was being founded, Sir Thomas conducted only *Meistersinger* and *The Bohemian Girl* at Covent Garden, *Irmelin* in Oxford, and Grétry in Bath. (Will 1956, the Mozart year, go by without a chance of hearing him in the theatre?) His touch with *Zémire et Azor* was inspired. The Bournemouth Orchestra can never have played so delicately; nor, one feels, could the original Fontainebleau performance (in 1771) have been as magical or elegant. The opera is

simply Beauty and the Beast, told in a sequence of enchanting melodies—a flawlessly shaped fairy tale, ideal entertainment. The young French cast, led by Huguette Boulangeot and Michel Sénéchal, gave a very stylish performance; and how delightful to hear opera, as one feared one never would, in a really small house.

The Grétry came hard on a week of what had almost been a French festival in London. Francescatti, Casadesus, Fournier and Monteux combined in various ways in some memorable concerts. In Wigmore Hall, Christian Ferras played Franck and Fauré sonatas with a rare blend of ardour and elegance. At the French Institute the Parrenin Quartet, perhaps France's best, introduced the music of Jean Martinon—long-winded, but attractively laid out. A few days later the Rampal/Veyron-Lacroix flute and harpsichord duo played there and in Wigmore Hall.

Transport this to Bath, add, say, Mlle Boulanger and her group, and you have something coherent: Frenchmen playing French music, and appropriate exhibitions and drama could be added. Up the river at Stratford, or in Aldeburgh, the local theme is self-sufficient, but hardly so in Bath. Something more specific than just "the XVIIIth century" will have to be found, if the town is to lure visitors for longer than an overnight opera visit. Else it will become a poor man's Aix, without the sun or the first performances—just "another festival."

ANDREW PORTER

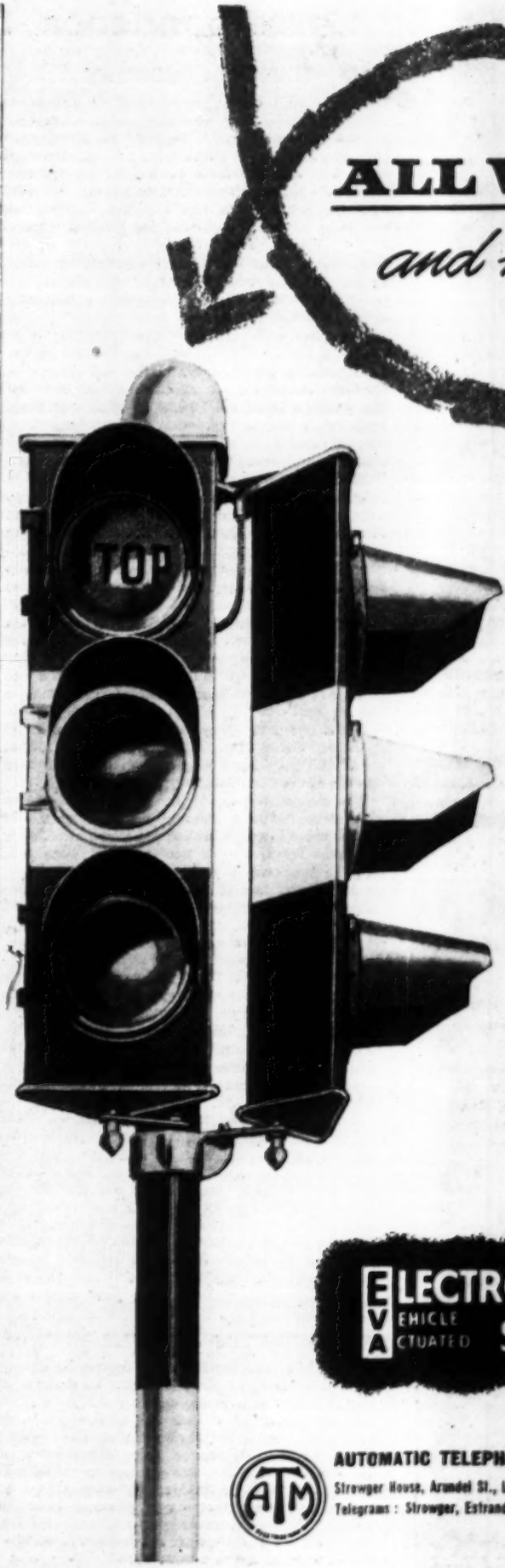
A Unicorn at the Fair

"A Kid for Two Farthings," at the Plaza
"The Dam Busters," at the Empire

Petticoat Lane is known, by rumour anyway, to most of us, and it offers filmmakers the chance of a modern *Bartholomew Fair* or *Fair at Sorojinsk*. Play, opera, ballet have all found a zest in the theme, the kaleidoscopic crowd that is a spectacle in itself and as indicative of Life as you care to make it. In this case, well enough suited to the medium, there was a novel by Mr. Wolf Mankowitz, who grew up in the atmosphere, knows his ground and also its selling angle. Sir Carol Reed starts with a pigeon in Trafalgar Square, follows it past St. Paul's to an inn-sign overhanging the market, where a small boy hopes to bag it, and the fair and the fairy-tale are off.

Boy stalks pigeon, tremendous bargains in dinner sets find the patterer ever ready for further sacrifice, there are day-old chicks not to be missed and cloths that outshine Savile Row, winkles and mussels may be scoffed here, there boots lure the eye or French paste or linoleum. Against this background, clamative as a parrot house, is set a tall-hatted old Jew reading a book and pushing a perambulator on which a gramophone plays a plaintive tune. The story, by turns lively and plaintive, takes us into shop interiors and lives just away from hubbub. It can't—given the knowing author and the propensities of the camera in skilled hands—fail. We are zigzagged along, bewildered, amused, touched: an old tailor's talk of unicorns fires the boy—the pigeon fancier of the beginning—to acquire a kid with a crumpled horn, and there's magic even in its death. Then, too, *A Kid for Two Farthings* has a fine sprinkling of Jewish shopkeepers, all-in wrestling, platinum-blonde assistants, a muscular beauty aspiring to the title of "Mr. World," a wedding long delayed, and the glamour of street dancing and bombed sites by the railway at night.

Where the film disappoints is in bringing its own unrealism to this juncture of life and fairy-tale. Sometimes the streets look real, sometimes not. Accents are uneven. The boy (Jonathan Ashmore) and his mother (Celia Johnson—worrying over a clothes stall) belong to faraway Kensington; Miss Diana Dors—divorced from 3-D—falls rather flat, Mr. World (Joe Robinson) can do little more than be excessively himself; and Mr. David Kossoff's legend-spinning tailor is every film's nodding mid-European Jew with



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spectacles and a sad twinkle. Nevertheless the film has a vivacity and charm which I think would appeal without restraint to any foreigner who prided himself on his knowledge of England or a native who for some years had been out of touch.

The Dam Busters, directed by Michael Anderson, brings to the screen one of the most fascinating stories of the war; how the idea of bombing the impregnable Ruhr dams was hatched by a scientist, Dr. Barnes Wallis, and carried out with special weapons by a picked squadron. The problem was to lay a mine against the actual wall of the dam, and this was finally achieved by flying in at 60ft. above water level, and dropping a bomb 240ft. from its target. It reached this—according to the film—in a series of "ducks and drakes." The film takes its time but its problem always engrosses, and the raid itself is made doubly dramatic by the hair-raising exploit on the spot and the presence of the tormented scientist in the operations room. Michael Redgrave plays, most sympathetically, the part of Dr. Wallis; and Whitehall and the R.A.F. (with Richard Todd as the dauntless Guy Gibson) are fairly enough counterfeited. I don't want to seem too exacting about a film that obviously achieves its purpose, but why—when a book everyone knows is made into a film—does so much individuality get lost? "Bomber" Harris here is a sort of father-figure like the Stalin of Russian films, whereas in the book he greeted Wallis with "What the hell is it you want? I've no time for you damned inventors"; and Wallis's struggle with authority might have been paralleled by that of a certain Dillgardt, who persistently urged on the Nazi leaders the need for more rigorously defending the dams; luckily his appeals went unheeded. But *The Dam Busters* tells its story plainly, and makes use of pauses: the long moments before setting out and the aftermath, with a B.B.C. report going on and the survivors sitting down to breakfast among empty tables.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

MARGERY ALLINGHAM

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Correspondence

THE GAZA INCIDENT

SIR,—Could I blow away some of the clouds of sentiment with which Brigadier McCormack has contrived to surround the Gaza incident? He is very pro-Egyptian. I am pro-Israeli. But I think that he would agree with me that Gaza bears little resemblance to, say, the present Franco-Belgian frontier. To talk as if the Israeli action was a wicked, unprovoked aggression across an unguarded and peaceful frontier is great rubbish. The Brigadier or I might set out to stroll across the flat plain of no-man's-land; but by day or night, once observed, he or I—or anyone so strolling—would be shot; an unlikely contingency in Hyde Park at present.

Egypt has said again and again that she is at war with Israel. Her leaders, from Colonel Nasser downwards, proclaim it constantly; her actions in the Gaza area this winter and Spring have endorsed the verbal assaults on Israel. A small but lively Egyptian sabotage unit—the selfsame one that operated against us, the British, in the Canal Zone before the Nutting-Nasser *entente*—is based on Gaza. It trains and arms and briefs saboteurs (mostly Palestinian Arabs) and sends them across the frontier on specific missions. Some weeks ago a couple of them were found in the policies of the Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth, which gave the Israel authorities quite a turn. Most of them, however, have been sent to attack water-pipes and water-installations near the new settlements in the Northern Negev. The tactical purpose of these attacks is to drive the Jewish newcomers out of their homes and make the area uninhabitable by civilians. If they succeed, they will set Israel a tough military, social and economic problem. They are warlike actions directed to a warlike end.

But is it a state of war or isn't it? When Israel retaliates, the Egyptians squeal that they are at peace, and Brigadier McCormack gives his affecting account of the Gaza incident.

The tactical purpose of the Israeli action was to stop these Egyptian attacks. As their target the Israelis chose Gaza's water supply, which incidentally was quite effectively put out of action. Now it is only the most obvious military common sense, if you go on an operation of this kind, to seek to immobilize any enemy troops in the neighbourhood, and to cover yourself—during withdrawal—against the arrival of enemy reinforcements. The Israeli unit engaged took these very proper steps.

It was just too bad for the Egyptians that in their billet they were sitting around, cleaning their kit (officer and all?) and talking of home. In World War II when German garrisons in Norway or France or the Western Desert were thus caught napping by British commandoes it made the Fuehrer frightfully angry—but we all applauded and decorations were handed out.

It was just too bad for the Egyptians that their reinforcements scurrying up in a truck fell straight into the ambush and were so ill-trained that they could put up no sort of a resistance. But after all these were *soldiers*. Soldiers in a war run the risk of being killed. They were not—as were the casualties at Patish—civilian guests at a wedding party. It is a little odd of a soldier of Brigadier McCormack's distinction to protest so bitterly about a sheerly military operation—simply because it was successful.

JOHN CONNELL

MR. PRIESTLEY AND THE PARTIES

SIR,—Poor Mr. Crossman! I suppose he doesn't see that his reply to Mr. Priestley is an example of why this election is to the elector a dull one. (Dull with foreboding. And how sick of foreboding the elector is!) So it is "curious" that Mr. Priestley should regard an election "as an opportunity to raise issues which politicians are inclined to shirk." Is it, indeed? It might do Mr. Crossman quite a lot of good to consider that some millions of voters, in differing degrees and according to habits of reflection, are a little rebellious against the politician's assumption of what he deems a voter's job.

The voter does not look on himself as a cardboard cut-out with power of putting a cross at the side of a name, with the intention thereafter of politely and dumbly holding his peace. He reckons he is human. He has his full allowance of all the usual levels and streams of the sub-conscious mind, and with this part of himself he knows he is living through one of the vilest epochs in history, knows he is contemptuous of what is handed to him, knows there is no zealous concern for him, knows, as Mr. Crossman suggests Mr. Priestley tells us, how hard it is to distinguish one maggot from the next.

The attempts going on in some quarters to "play" the H-bomb provide one example of what is wrong. Believe me, the issues are all too present in the voter's mind; but so also is contempt and disgust for those who play on the strings of sentimentality and false emotion. Love of country, love of independence, the desire to be stirred, desire for a cause which demands dedication, belief in something, belief in someone's zeal and vision, leadership, an end to all the crawling extroverts who measure their success by the number of committees they sit on and the talk they get through, is the appeal the voter wants! The fire got itself lit in 1945, but this was the last time the British voter felt the comfort and glory of vital warmth. The whole man craves to be used. All he is offered is one of the same two old stale sugar-sticks to suck.

MARGARET ILES

TEACHERS' SALARIES

SIR,—One feature of the new scales of grants and awards to students that has not received the publicity it deserves is the fact that the new scales give most benefit, like Mr. Butler's Budget, to the higher income groups. I particularise.

Under the present system, the training college student from a family with a net income of £300 a year gets an average grant of £66 over two years. It is proposed to increase this to £160—an improvement of £94. But at £500 a year net income, the grant is increased by £122 over the two years; at £700 a year net income, the present *contribution* of £60 becomes a *grant* of £86—an improvement of £146. At £880 a year and over, the grant is increased by £144 a year.

As to university awards, all awards are increased, by amounts varying from £9 to £20 a year. The parental income scale is being altered so that parental contributions will be less. What happens? A family with two children (besides the State Scholar) attending State schools, with an income of £750 a year finds its contribution reduced from £14 to nil; but a family of two children (besides the State Scholar) at private schools, with an income of £1,500 has its contribution cut by £44, not £14. With three children and an income of £2,500 a year, a parental contribution is cut by £108.

Though I agree with Mr. Bevan that in general Toryism and Christianity are incompatible, I must admit that the Tories are adept at carrying out the injunction "To him that hath, it shall be given," first Butler, now Eccles.

PETER IBBOTSON
Hon. Secretary
National Association of Labour Teachers.

A SOCIALIST MANIFESTO

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Frank Hatton (May 7) is quite right in asserting that manual workers, clerks, administrators and technicians should have an opportunity to elect from amongst themselves those who make decisions in the publicly owned industries.

The Labour Party in its understandable anxiety to make nationalisation acceptable to the hard core of what it thought was a deeply conservative public opinion, even in 1945, appointed "neutral" members to the directing boards and even went to the extreme of choosing superannuated naval and military "high rankers."

The result is that the National and Regional Boards have exuded from the first a spirit of remoteness and patronisation. Anyone who discusses these matters with railwaymen and miners, as I do in W.E.A. classes, will realise the extent of disappoint-

ment and frustration which comes nowadays from those who have not only believed in public ownership but who have worked for it for years. The association between Boards and "Blimps" is as real as it is unfortunate.

Yet it is not too late for the Labour Party to change its plans and to adopt a policy of making provision for workers' representation on directing boards at national and regional levels. Such a plan need not go as far as theoretical syndicalism but it should certainly exclude the quarter deck! It would rescue nationalisation from the suspicion and even cynicism which surrounds it in circles which should provide its most loyal support—and it would also remedy the disease of the unofficial strike.

Swansea. G. I. LEWIS

AUSTRIA INFELIX

SIR,—Almost instinctively I turn to you after I heard the B.B.C. announcer proclaim Austria's freedom "after 17 years of occupation" with the humble request not to let such white-washing of history pass. I can take it that you have, apart from your German-Jewish friend to whom you referred last week in "London Diary," also Austrian friends, who will, more articulate than I, describe to you the jubilation, raptures and frenzy with which the Austrian population welcomed the German "occupation," the abandonment with which thousands chanted their "wir danken unserem Führer" will never fade in my memory.

Far from wanting to introduce a jarring note into the present jubilations in Austria, I feel that I owe it to the miserably murdered victims to ask the editor of the B.B.C. news bulletin: "Have you been there, when it happened?"

J. G. BOURNE

P.O.U.M.

SIR,—Critic in his London Diary mentions George Orwell's adherence to the P.O.U.M. in Spain and calls it an "Anarchist group." The "P" in P.O.U.M. stands for Party, a label the Anarchists would never have tolerated. They had their own mass organisation in Catalonia, the C.N.T. (National Confederation of Labour), while the P.O.U.M. (of which I was a member) was largely recruited from opponents to the official Communist party, independent Socialists, some Trotskyists and other splinter groups.

P.O.U.M. realised earlier than the Anarchists that the Russian-inspired Communist line aimed at destroying all revolutionary achievements in Catalonia. I believe it had not been fully understood abroad in 1936-37 how far the revolution was advanced and that once it was destroyed and the P.O.U.M. leaders either assassinated or arrested, all the fighting spirit had gone out of the masses in Catalonia.

The civil war against Franco and the revolution were indivisible. Once a country is united in determination and enthusiasm, miracles can be achieved—think of Israel in 1948. This explains Orwell's bitterness and disappointment. I remember discussing these issues with him at the Aragon front before he left wounded, and I was imprisoned with all remaining foreigners in the P.O.U.M. as "Gestapo agents."

EVA R. SITTIG

SIR,—Critic's paragraph about George Orwell and Spain needs some correction. The P.O.U.M. was not an "Anarchist organisation," as both Anarchists and members of the P.O.U.M. would agree. The leaders of the P.O.U.M. were dissident Marxists, who differed as much from the Anarchists as they did from the Spanish Communist Party. And Critic's discovery that the P.O.U.M. "were the most attractive group in Spain" will read strangely to those who remember the NEW STATESMAN's editorial attitude to the P.O.U.M. during the Spanish Civil War. Surprising, also, is the casual assumption that an attack on Negrin and the Communist Party in Spain was of necessity "in effect pro-Franco." Critic seems to admit that much of what Orwell wrote was true. Must the telling of uncomfortable truth, then, be delayed (in the NEW STATESMAN) until years after the event? And would Critic condemn the publication of *Animal Farm* during the war, by the same logic, as "in effect pro-Nazi"?

JULIAN SYMONS

[Critic writes:—"I apologise for not distinguishing between P.O.U.M. and Anarchists and, as I said, I am not in any way defending the Communist treatment of their less disciplined allies. On the second point of principle, it would never have entered my head to suggest that *Animal Farm*, or any other book, should have been suppressed because it was objectively 'pro-Nazis' or 'pro-Franco.' This journal has been more often attacked than any other for its recklessness in criticising its allies and friends in war or, for that matter—in general elections. The point of my paragraph was to explain that, rightly or wrongly—and I am now inclined to think wrongly—Orwell's article seemed to demand a departure from our usual rule of 'publish and be damned.' The purest of anarchists hesitate to blurt out the facts which may lead to the destruction of their friends."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FAMILY PORTRAIT

SIR,—I find it hard to see why Critic is so incensed at the exchange of letters between Cardinal Griffin and Sir Ian Jacob.

Surely the central point at issue is not whether Mary had a family but whether, in view of the undoubted fact that all Roman Catholics and most members of the Church of England believe that Jesus was her only child, it was in the best of taste to televise a play that was bound to offend those holding such beliefs on one of the two most sacred festivals of the Christian year. On this question there can be scarcely any doubt nor have your correspondent, Mr. Conybeare's, citations from Prof. Puech and *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* the slightest relevance. You would doubtless agree that it would be an error of taste for the B.B.C. to celebrate May Day by televising a play about Sidney Webb in which Beatrice Webb was more interested in displaying her ankles to Bernard Shaw than discussing the first principles of Socialist philosophy. Such a play would probably have a wider appeal than one more in accord with the traditional account, but this would not make it any the less offensive to a considerable number of viewers. How much more is this true of a play about Jesus Christ performed on Easter Sunday!

It is excessive by any standards to call Sir Ian Jacob's apology "abject"; after all, he did not apologise for the play, or for its repeat performance on a Thursday, but simply for its performance on Easter Sunday, which in the circumstances was reasonable enough and would hardly have sufficed for the metaphysical Galway of Critic's imagination.

One can only suppose that Critic is not prepared to observe the same canons of fairness towards Roman Catholics as his colleagues do towards Jehovah's Witnesses. Such a bias bears out the truth of Hume's dictum that reason is but the slave of the passions.

J. D. CLOUD

SIR,—Critic finds the whole thing "shocking", and J. H. Conybeare is distressed because the picture portrayed in "Family Portrait" may be correct, owing to the discovery of some old Gnostic documents. Thus do the Scientific Humanist and the Protestant historian become united in their attack on the Catholic Hierarchy.

Let us examine the facts for a start. The word "brethren" found in Matthew XII, 47; Mark III, 31, and Luke VIII, 19, is a comprehensive term which can refer to cousins and other relatives, a relationship for which the Jews had no separate name (cf. Gen. XXIX, 12, Lev. X, 4). These three accounts of the same event are remarkable in that they are the only occasion on which these relatives are referred to. One would expect, as Jesus is the central figure of the four Gospels, that any "brothers" He might have had would be mentioned by name—more likely still would they not be found among His close followers and be present at His Crucifixion, along with His Mother. But there is no mention of them except the passages already noted. As for the Gnostic documents their very origin makes them instantly suspect unless antiquity is a criterion of accuracy. In the early Church there were a lot of spurious legends, a mixture of fact and fantasy, circulating. For this

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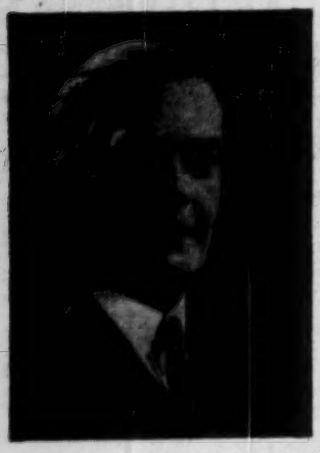

Sir Anthony
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reason it became necessary to define the Canon of Scripture. A collection of these writings is freely available under the title "The Contendings of the Apostles."

While I can understand a Scientific Humanist being shocked, there is no cause for any Christian to question the attitude of the Catholic Church. The play in question presented an inaccurate and quasi-blasphemous picture of something which millions regard as sacred. "Scholars are sharply divided," says Critic. Why quote them or consider their views in that case? The Church is not divided on this matter. As the custodian and the sole authority for Scripture, the Catholic Church is bound to defend and interpret the Holy Writ at all times. How strange it is to find so much disagreement outside the Church on the meaning of Scripture together with so much unanimity when the Catholic Church speaks out. Stranger still to find that Protestants, free-thinkers, Scientific Humanists, Communists, Peronists, Strijdomists and all the rest can find a common platform in hatred of Catholicism. What are they all afraid of—Truth?

J. R. L. CHARLETON

CO-EXISTENCE

SIR,—The social systems of the Turkish Empire and the European States in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were not opposing systems. In their essence they were alike feudal. The Balkan peoples conquered by the Turks from the end of the fourteenth century onwards were all far advanced on the road to feudalism; and the new oppression imposed on them by the Ottoman Empire (economic plunder, tribute in boys for the recruitment of the Imperial army and government service, etc.), did not alter this fact, except to make it worse. Moreover, the other parts of the Empire rapidly developed the same features where they did not exist already—a peasantry crushed under feudal dues; feudal land tenures; officers of State who, though slaves in personal status, lived on feudal revenues; armed forces of which the large majority were feudal in character, notwithstanding the special status of the Janissaries. The fact that the despotism which crowned the edifice had its own specific Turkish features, conditioned by previous history, i.e., that it made use of a peculiarly barbarous extension of the system of household slavery to man its military and political machinery of government, did not alter its feudal nature—revealed by the laws of Suleiman the Magnificent no less than by the reports of La Broquière, the Venetian diplomats like Ramberti, or Busbecq.

Consequently, even if there were periods of peace between the European States and the Turkish Empire in the centuries mentioned by Mr. Trevor-Roper, they present neither an inconvenience for, nor any practical bearing on, the problem of the common people in our own times—the enforcement of co-existence between countries with opposing economic and social systems. This is a problem, not a doctrine, and requires no historical parallels.

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

MILTON AND DR. LEAVIS

SIR,—A review in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for May 14 opens: "No doubt Dr. Leavis was premature twenty years ago when he spoke of the dislodgement of Milton from his classic status as an accomplished fact." Perhaps there is some point in my insisting once again on what I actually did say, and perhaps I may be allowed to do so by quoting from myself—I dealt with the misconception in replying to Mr. Eliot's British Academy address on Milton:

"Actually, that passage [in which I use the word 'dislodgement'] states briefly certain historical facts, the recognition of which seems to me to be entailed in any intelligent response to Mr. Eliot's poetry. The facts (as I saw and see them) are that, when Mr. Eliot began to write, Milton had long been prepotent as an influence in taste and practice, and that, as a result of Mr. Eliot's work, he ceased to be. That, at any rate, is what the passage says. The brief statement has for support, in other parts of the book, a good deal of particular observation and analysis, illustrating the ways in which the Miltonic 'prepotence' is manifested. Mr. Eliot himself, in the paper under discussion, explicitly recognises that his achievement in poetry entailed as an essential condition a critical attitude towards Milton."

This may be found in its context in the first essay in *The Common Pursuit*.

F. R. LEAVIS

Downing College, Cambridge.

VELAZQUEZ

SIR,—I am grateful for Mr. Nicholson's kind words. His apparent distaste for Velazquez's early pictures does not persuade me to change my view. On the contrary, the list of the pictures he prefers rather confirms it: four of them at least (and perhaps the fifth) belong to the profound concluding phase of Velazquez's work of which I wrote. I did not say that any of the pictures were "no more than decorative patterns": what I said about the court portraits of the middle period (not the portraits of the Infanta Marguerita and Prince Philip Prosper, which are late works) was that their unity was decorative, in distinction to the deep unity of personal feeling in the early works.

Of course all Velazquez's work is unique and wonderful. I was concerned not so much to praise one period at the expense of another (as Mr. Nicholson seems to think) as to trace the personal thread in his development, which is at first sight a little elusive. I suspect that it is this constant personal character of an artist's standpoint, through all his transformations, that gives to each of his works (and to the qualities that Mr. Nicholson notices) their deepest meaning.

King's College, Newcastle. LAWRENCE GOWING

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Mr. Muggeridge, it seems to me, sees and understands more of the real Lawrence, writer and man, than most of your correspondents who are rushing so eagerly to the latter's defence. . . . Lawrence, I believe, Mr. Muggeridge and, incidentally, yourself, share a Congregational background; and there is something in the richness of that soil, which is fertilised (or was, in the last century) by so many elements, and withal possesses a freedom in selection and expression which is wide indeed, that almost any achievement or aberration becomes possible.

Your contributor, as I see it, senses and implies much of this background of Lawrence and understands its potentialities in greatness or absurdity—and his subject achieved both to an amazing degree. Our literature has been enriched tremendously by Lawrence, whose insight into and sympathy with humanity were those of genius: but at the same time, philosophically, he lost his way and we see, finally, as Mr. Muggeridge suggests, a very bewildered boy-man who had had glimpses of heaven, very liberally streaked with earth's purple and gold, not to mention its greys and blacks.

P. R. LANE

SIR,—May a woman comment on the appreciation of D. H. Lawrence's novels, and also rejoice over those who have written in your columns on April 30 and May 7, in criticism of Mr. Muggeridge and in favour of the novels?

A nursery simplification is the statement that boys are interested in things and girls are interested in people. In the wide world a peak of masculine interest in things is the discovery of nuclear fission. Sociology is a peak of the feminine interest in people. There is desperate need for a better balance between the two. Without more knowledge of how to live together on the planet, we shall destroy ourselves with things. Altogether apart from an assessment of D. H. Lawrence as a creative artist, his importance to us is that he was interested in people and in how to live, not in how to make things, and it seems to me that appreciation of Lawrence shows to what degree one is interested, emotionally or intellectually, in people and how to live.

I suggest that Mr. Muggeridge does not care for the subject: it has no seriousness for him. Your correspondents show that, for them, the subject is of serious interests. We need a majority of men who think and feel as they do, if we are to survive.

E. WARINGTON SMYTH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Platonic Tolerance

YEATS'S *Autobiographies**, now collected into a single handsome volume, are not a portrait in a mirror. In a splendid late poem, *The Municipal Gallery Revisited*, Yeats wrote:

> You that would judge me, do not judge alone
> This book or that, come to this hallowed place
> Where my friends' portraits hang and look thereon;
> Ireland's history in their lineaments trace;
> Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
> And say my glory was I had such friends.

Yeats was the last great heir of the English romantic tradition in poetry yet, for all the noble arrogance of his style, there was very little in his character of the Wordsworthian "egoistical sublime." He paints himself for us, in these meditative reminiscences and fragments from journals, indirectly. We discover what sort of a man he was by discovering what he admired, what amused him, what annoyed him in other people. He writes a chronicle of effort and failure, and also of apparent waste. Yet though the effort and the failure tire him, his final message is certainly not that

> The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

Rather, what seemed at a given time failure justifies itself heroically in retrospect. The privacy of the artist is not invaded—Yeats wrote more intimate memoirs than these published ones, but they are not likely to see the light for many years—but the critic is given the information he has a right to if he is to work his way intelligently through Yeats's poems, mark the growth of his mind, and place the great man in his setting. The setting—minor poets, mad magicians, fanatical political idealists, actors and authors and all the rows and worries of the start of the Abbey Theatre—is magnanimously absorbed into the greatness. The odd scraps of anecdote work together to become myth; everything that happens to Yeats is absorbed and digested into the subtle and profound complex of his attitudes, and emerges "changed, changed utterly," transformed by a style.

Of the several pieces included in this volume, *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* is about family and schools and holidays and adolescent awakening, to sex and ideas, and early admirations. The matter is too much distanced by the meditative style to make Yeats as a boy and youth vivid to us in a particularised fashion. The second piece, *The Trembling of the Veil*—the undoubted masterpiece among this whole set of writings—is about London in the 1890s, æsthetes, decadents, occultists, and about the difficult beginnings of the Irish literary revival among honourable, obtuse men. It is very largely a chronicle of disaster—Wilde, Beardsley, Johnson, Dowson—and yet its total mood has not only an extraordinary tenderness but an irrepressible gaiety. *Dramatis Personæ*, the next piece, shifts the main scene from London in the 1890s to Dublin in the early 1900s; the tone is much harsher; there is an account of the difficult beginnings of the Abbey Theatre and an elaborately cruel, though brilliantly comic, portrait of George Moore. *Estrangement* and *The Death of Synge* are from a diary kept in 1909. Yeats, in that year, after his long struggle with what seemed to him the provincial bigotry of Dublin, felt defeated. In a lecture delivered in 1923 he said:

> So far from being, as they had thought, a politician working in the interests of England, (Synge) was so little a politician that the world merely amused him and touched his pity. Yet when Synge died in 1909 opinion had hardly changed, we were playing to an almost empty theatre and were continually denounced.

Even Yeats's closest English friends, like the Duchess of Wellington, tended to be disconcerted by his capacity for hatred. It needed his own fellow-countrymen in Dublin, that "blind, bitter town," to bring this capacity to fruition; in London, in the Nineties, among writers who in one way or another—by drink, by scandal, by religious despair—were destroying themselves, he had hated nobody. Dublin and the struggle to get the Abbey Theatre on its feet hardened his character in both a good and a bad sense. He would never again be either so unduly self-effacing, or so modest and affectionate, as in his drifting, dreamy youth. His irony would no longer be so forgiving. The last piece in this book, *The Bounty of Sweden*, is an account of Yeats's reception of the Nobel Prize in Stockholm at the end of 1923. It contrasts most interestingly with the bitter and fatigued, and also very direct, tone of the journals of 1909. Composed also in the form of a journal, it is a graceful and courtly piece of writing, but also a little empty and unreal. It presents the poet as a public figure, playing the part charmingly, ringing true but hollow. It is with a shock that we realise that it was after 1923 that Yeats wrote some of his greatest and most terrible poems.

It is easy, today, to talk about the Nineties—as the decade of the Rhymers' Club and *The Yellow Book*, not of Henley and Harmsworth, the young Wells and the young Kipling—with a kind of nostalgic giggle. It is easy also take up towards minor artists like Dowson and Johnson and Beardsley an attitude of superiority—an attitude implied by Sir Harold Nicolson's remark: "I have the sense of many little wheels revolving brightly but devoid of cogs." They were, indeed, small and imperfect artists, yet honourably obsessed with an ideal of minor perfection. Their fastidiousness was not a pose, their desperation was genuine, their social defiance was tough, premeditated, and gay. We are wrong, probably, to think of them as a "movement." They were drawn together by an affinity of mood rather than a community of purpose. Yeats himself, because he cared passionately about general ideas, because he lent himself to purposes (trailing around Ireland, addressing uncomprehending meetings and sitting on dull committees, at Maud Gonne's heels), was thought at the Rhymers' Club too much of a "man of letters" and not enough of a "poet." His moral fibre was also tougher than that of his companions. His very personal vision of a supernatural world did not lead him to agonise, like Lionel Johnson, about the state of his poor soul. His own æstheticism, the loose black tie, the hanging lock of hair, the fluttering pale hands, expressed a shy young man's *panache* rather than a poised futility. Frustrated love drove him neither to the bottle nor the brothel. Yet he attempted neither to dominate nor to change his companions. He was content to sit, observant and sympathetic, yet ironically penetrating, on the edge of the company:

> I remember saying one night at the Cheshire Cheese when more poets than usual had come, "None of us can say who will succeed, or even who has or has not talent. The only thing certain about us is that we are too many."

Already we note in the young man the hardness of the major artist; he worried about the tasks before him, where his friends worried about their pleasures, their vices, their social positions, and their eternal salvation.

There is a stanza of a song, in Yeat's play *The Resurrection*, which lets us see exactly what gulf—the gulf between an implacable gnostic serenity and a Christian sinner's sense of tribulation—divided Yeats from these early friends:

> In pity for man's darkening thought
> He walked that room and issued thence
> In Galilean turbulence;
> The Babylonian starlight brought
> A fabulous, formless darkness in;
> Odour of blood when Christ was slain
> Made all Platonic tolerance vain
> And vain all Doric discipline.

The tone of *The Trembling of the Veil*—calm, unshockable courtesy, unrelenting yet admiring irony, setting Yeats as much as his friends in a perspective of high comedy—illustrates what Yeats meant by "Platonic tolerance". Plato never preached tolerance; but he certainly practised it, as a literary artist. Thrasymachus and Protagoras are archetypal figures of intellectual comedy, they are there in the dialogues to be destroyed, yet they represent something in human nature—the bully or the sophist in all of us—that is indestructible. Yeats's Oscar Wilde is (given another scene, another set of weapons) as indestructible an archetype as Plato's Alcibiades. His life should be a great tragedy, or a horrid melodramatic warning; but his temperament is irrepressibly that of what Yeats, in another connection, called "the great comedian." And his Mask dominates his Body of Fate. He is as bouncy as Tigger. What should be appalling becomes farcical, and what should be ignoble farce is magnificently lent style. Dowson and Wilde pool funds in Dieppe to teach Wilde "a more wholesome taste." A crowd attends them to the brothel and awaits their exit:

> He said in a low voice to Dowson, "The first these ten years, and it will be the last. It was like cold mutton"—always, as Henley had said, "a scholar and a gentleman," he now remembered that the Elizabethan dramatists used the words "cold mutton"—and then aloud so that the crowd might hear him, "But tell it in England, for it will entirely restore my character."

Similarly, Yeats's Platonic tolerance—it is a very different thing from Christian charity—sets Lionel Johnson, his drink, his despair, the

Autobiographies. By W. B. YEATS. Macmillan. 21s.

frigid courtesy with which he protects his isolation, in critical perspective. Yeats's admiration and affection for his friend are real, his pity is real, but so is his perception of excess:

> Even without stimulant his theology conceded nothing to human weakness, and I can remember his saying with energy, "I wish those people who deny the eternity of punishments could realise their unspeakable vulgarity."

There are many kinds of readers to whom such detachment as this will appear inhuman; dislike of it is, perhaps, one reason why some critics, such as Dr. Leavis, have always had their doubts about Yeats's "wisdom." A critic of a very different school, Miss Kathleen Raine, has deplored the occasional intrusions into the *Autobiographies* of the "mundane" and the "temporal." Yet for Yeats, perhaps, nothing really was "mundane" or "temporal." His actors, like Prospero's, were "all spirits," who might at any moment vanish "into air, into thin air," and who would yet at some time reappear in another disguise. What he sought to incise, in the profiles of his friends and enemies, was certain aspects of eternity. Thinking of us all as actors, playing set roles, with as much style as we can—"Hamlet and Lear are gay"—he necessarily seems to the Christian (who would set about rescuing Lionel Johnson from despair and Oscar Wilde from dissipation) and to the liberal humanist (to whom every life is one small stock of capital, to be expended with agonising prudence) frivolous in his Platonic tolerance. And, indeed, the high comedy of life does enchant him, does distract him from whatever metaphysical reality it symbolises:

> Players and painted stage took all my love,
> And not those things that they were emblems of.

His players and painted stage should take our love, too.

G. S. FRASER

The New Man

He'll be alone
Along the dark way,
No light but his own
Moods creating day
And night, his husbandry in the heart's seasons
Perfunctory for he'll be listening
To the faint cry calling him past reasons.

He'll hear the word
Winging through a dream,
Like a wild bird
Whose song must seem
The apocalypse to the sightless worm,
And feel the longing and the urgency
As, for birth, must the still unchosen sperm.

And somewhere on,
Through the fissure
Of imagination
He'll creep like wonder
In a child and conceive and bring forth himself
To walk upright under the sun,
A prince of all the dominions of belief.

So to be born
Every man was made
Holding the horn
Of plenty. And unafraid,
No longer with his heart in his mouth of time,
He'll tongue from curses and from praise
Songs of water into wine.

HARRY C. HAINES

How It All Began

The Russian Revolution, 1917. A Personal Record by N. N. SUKHANOV. Translated and edited by JOEL CARMICHAEL. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

What should we not give for a record of Christ's life by a Roman philosopher who was himself waiting for a Messiah, who was deeply affected by Christ's personality and whose judgment was yet never submerged by belief? Nikolai Nikolayevich Sukhanov was a witness of this kind during the Russian revolution. His book is incomparably the best and most important account of those tremendous events from which spring most of the problems of our world.

A revolutionary Socialist and an economist of distinction, Sukhanov was wanted by the secret police but protected during the World War by the Ministry of Agriculture which employed him—an arrangement typical of old Russia. He was therefore one of the very few who could watch the revolution in Petrograd from its first chaotic beginnings in February; and he was on the margin of events to the end. At once a Marxist and a democrat, he straddled between the parties; knew all their leaders; and understood what they were up to. Trotsky called him a Hamlet of the revolution: Lenin named him the Quarter-Bolshevik. Let us say rather that he was a Bolshevik without faith, the prototype of many later intellectuals. He agreed with the Bolshevik aims, but did not believe that they could be realised; and he would have supported the Bolsheviks' seizure of power if only he could have persuaded himself that they would be able to do anything with power when they got it. He records his own doubts and failings as frankly as he does the blunders and ruthlessness of others.

He became a member of the first Executive Committee of the Soviets and thereafter attended all the meetings at which the moderate Socialists discussed how to slow down and stop the revolution, himself always dissenting. The Bolsheviks actually planned the seizure of power at his flat, though without his knowledge; and Sukhanov was constantly at Smolny during the last decisive days, again dissenting even less effectually. His book ends with the famous meeting at which Lenin announced: "We will now proceed to the building of Socialism":

> Applause, hurrahs, caps flung up in the air. . . . But I didn't believe in the victory, the success, the "rightfulness," or the historic mission of a Bolshevik regime. Sitting in the back seats, I watched this celebration with a heavy heart. How I longed to join in, and merge with this mass and its leaders in a single feeling! But I couldn't. . . .

Here is all the tragedy of the fellow-traveller. Sukhanov's life was finished in October, 1917. He served the Bolshevik state loyally, though sceptically, until 1931, when he was caught up in a manufactured trial and vanished into a concentration camp, still idealist, still protesting, still bewildered.

His book describes the dilemma of the revolutionary intellectual. In February, 1917, the old order collapsed. The masses could take the power whenever they chose to do so. But the democratic and Socialist leaders did not believe that they could fulfil the desires of the masses—peace and bread; therefore they refused to take the power that was theirs for the asking. There was an interregnum, a nothing. Sooner or later the old order would be restored if the democrats remained helpless. The Bolsheviks alone promised to carry out the mass-programme; and with this promise they carried the day. What should an honest Socialist do? Work with the moderates who were refusing power and who were therefore implicitly pushing it back into the hands of Tsarist generals? Or support the Bolsheviks, even though he knew that their promises could not be fulfilled? For after all Lenin did not give the Russian people peace and bread; he gave them starvation and war. Would he, one wonders, have seized power if he could have known that no revolution would follow in Germany or elsewhere and that Russia would be doomed to a generation of "Socialism in a single country"?

For Sukhanov, at any rate, the answer to these doubts was clear. He did nothing. At every crisis of the revolution he implored the crisis to stop—not to go back, not to go forward. Instead of action, he sought more information. "I intensified my telephoning" is a characteristic theme. At another critical moment, he records that he tried to write a leader for his paper, but tore it up in despair; he could not decide what to say one way or the other. And therefore he was left worrying at every dramatic moment over trivial details. Could he find a tram to take him home? (He never succeeded in this.) Who had stolen his boots while he was asleep? The great leaders thought only of grand policy. He noticed the weariness, the stale tobacco-smoke, the smell of unwashed bodies. By October everyone was exhausted; and the Bolsheviks were the ones to pass Churchill's test—they hung on for the last quarter of an hour. Every intellectual who reads this book must hope that he would have gone with Lenin and must fear that he would have behaved like Sukhanov. Of course, we know the outcome. Thirty years of Popular Fronts have taught us that the Communists never play fair. Sukhanov sensed this; but even Lenin did not then realise that he must inevitably betray every one of his collaborators who had any sincere convictions. Again, would Lenin have seized power if he had known that it must end with Stalin and the anonymous dictators?

It seems ungrateful not to welcome the translation of this wonderful, indispensable book wholeheartedly. Mr. Carmichael has put Sukhanov into forceful, convincing English; but he has cut over half the original and, to make matters worse, given no indication where the cuts have been made. The translation can therefore be read for entertainment and interest; but it is not an authority. Every scholar must still go to the original text; and copies of this are rare, since the Stalinists have been suppressing it for the last twenty years. Admittedly a full translation would have taken two volumes; but, since this is an incomparable authority, we ought to have the integral text. A great University press ought to have done the job properly, if they were going to do it at all.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Mob That Howls

The Irish and Catholic Power. By PAUL BLANSHARD. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*

Divided We Stand. By MICHAEL SHEEHY. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ulster since 1800. Edited by T. W. MOODY and J. C. BECKETT. *B.B.C.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Paul Blanshard is an American democrat who apparently believes that American ways of life and thought are the best available. Since the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church are in many respects opposed to them, he naturally finds these pernicious: it is natural again, persuaded as he is of his own rightness, that he should seek to bring others to his view; and, still more natural and very human, that he should turn for ammunition to a place which supplies it abundantly, namely, Ireland.

It will be difficult for those he castigates to pick holes in his material. Much loving industry has gone into its collection and since it is copiously documented, mainly from Catholic sources, we shall presumably be spared the usual indignant denials. The fantastic pretensions of the Hierarchy, the joyless Manichæanism of the clergy, the censorship of books, carried on by secret pressure on librarians as well as by the official Board of Censors, the iron control of education by priests who are themselves uneducated and, perhaps most horrid of all, the implacable and entirely unscrupulous hounding of all who either criticise or fall away, are set out here with a compelling quietness of tone and a load of factual detail. As far as I know, no more complete picture of an extraordinary state of affairs has ever been drawn.

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GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

While Mr. Blanshard merely records, we cannot complain; but he is a man with a mission and he wants to make our flesh creep. "Irish Catholic power is a world phenomenon," he tells us: "It dominates the Church in the United States, Canada, Australia and Britain." As regards Britain, at any rate, I believe this statement to be nonsense. It is true that many Irish priests work in England but were they so misguided as to carry on here as their brethren do at home, they would quickly be shown their mistake. In the final count the Church, like other institutions, is a reflection of the people who compose it; and in considering the clerical regime in Ireland we may recall the words of W. B. Yeats:

> What if the Church and the State
> Are the mob that howls at the door!

Mr. Blanshard is apt to fall into the error, common to idealists, of supposing that everyone who agrees with him is a splendid fellow: all his anti-clericals are swans. At times, also, he seems to pander a little to his Irish Catholic reader, as when he writes: "At present there is not much doubt that Protestants still hold more than their share of ownership power and executive direction of industry." What does he mean by "their share"? How can he measure it? This is no way to speak of a tiny and gallant minority, whose qualities of mind and character fit them for leadership: it suggests the taking of some unfair advantage. And it is surprising, from so careful a writer, to find a statement on page 251 that after the famines of 1845 and 1846 half a million people died and over four million were driven out of the country, while on page 321 a table shows the decline in population from 1841 to 1851 as only 1,417,000.

These are, however, but minor points. From whatever motives, Mr. Blanshard has done good work in exposing evils which thrive on secrecy and acquiescence, and whose authors fear nothing so much as public discussion and inquiry.

Mr. Sheehy is a very courageous man: a Southerner and a Catholic, he has written a sensible book about the partition of Ireland. On the English public his sweetness may rather be wasted, since much of the book is given up to demolishing arguments which no one here has ever put forward; but it should have a wholesome effect on some of his dottier countrymen. With a delicious gentle humour he calls that formidable Catholic authority, St. Thomas Aquinas, into the witness-box:

> The South makes an absolute claim to the territory at present occupied by the Northern community; and this claim rests on the assumption that the South enjoys a natural right to the whole island. On any view of St. Thomas's teaching, this is plainly inadmissible. No community has a *natural* right to any particular area of the world's surface; "the division of possessions," writes St. Thomas, "is not according to natural law, but rather arose from human agreements."

The author's anxiety to do justice to everyone, his generous tributes to Northern vitality and determination, his avoidance of all that might stir up rancour, and his calm and lucid method of exposition make this a most valuable and enjoyable little book. It is written in a spirit which will go further towards healing the divisions of Ireland than all the howls and imprecations of the "patriots."

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Coleridge's Love

Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson. By GEORGE WHALLEY. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Since Professor Raysor's *Coleridge and Asra* (1929) reconstructed the story of Coleridge's long love for Wordsworth's sister-in-law, new material has come to light that calls for a new examination of that sad relationship whose quintessence is contained in the *Ode to Dejection*, the final version (with all personal allusion stripped away) of a poem first written as a letter to Sara. Miss Coburn's recently published *Letters of Sara Hutchinson* have at last given us some insight into the character of the woman Coleridge loved (though none into whatever she may have felt for Coleridge) and Mr. Whalley has had access to a manuscript notebook in which both Coleridge and Sara herself transcribed some of the poems he was writing during the years of their closest relationship. The "feel" of the relationship is altered by this insight into Sara's character; mostly, however, in a negative way. There was nothing romantic about Sara; and if she has said nothing in her letters, or, indirectly, in her scrapbook, of what she may have thought or felt, one feels that it was because she had nothing very much to say.

Coleridge fell in love with his "Asra" four years after his marriage. He met her first in her family home, a farm at Sockburn, where he went to visit Wordsworth and Dorothy who were staying with the Hutchinsons. Into this large circle of secure affections came Coleridge, thirsting for just these things, and he seems to have fallen in love, first with the family as a whole, then with Sara in particular. Coleridge, who lost access to his own large family at eight years old when, following his father's death he was sent to school in London, seemed all his life doomed to repeated exclusions from family love. His attachment to Mary Evans, his marriage to Southey's sister-in-law, his love for Sara, and his last tragic refuge with the Gillmans, are all alike in that one respect —Coleridge, the exile, was seeking admission to a family circle, shared with some friend. Pantisocracy seems the fantasy of a young man longing for a loving community of brothers and sisters. His love for Sara, that seemed almost to give him admission to the family circle of Wordsworth and the Hutchinsons, failed him most cruelly of all: the very thing that drew him to Sara—her place in that circle—foredoomed him to defeat. If she had to choose between the family and love, she would choose that great collective group, the most important thing in her life.

It seems that at first Sara responded to his love; but Coleridge would not have considered divorce and remarriage, nor would such a thing, barely to be thought of even in the aristocratic world of Byron and Shelley, have been tolerated by the Hutchinsons. Nor is there any reason to suppose that Sara was ever Coleridge's mistress. Mr. Whalley has been delicate in avoiding speculations on this level; but the tone of the relationship seems to preclude it. Coleridge's self-imposed exile in Malta, where he fell into despair and opium-addiction from which he was never to recover, indicates an intention to leave Sara free. The situation after his return, when both he and Sara lived for some time as members of the Wordsworth family, was clearly intolerable. Coleridge's personal habits must have been very hard to bear, and Wordsworth certainly expected to stand first with his "three wives," as de Quincey called them—wife, sister, and sister-in-law. It seems, too, that Sara's love had cooled to pity, and there is some evidence that she may have been in love with Wordsworth. If this were so, the loss at once of friend and beloved must have combined towards Coleridge's final physical and psychological breakdown. He left for London, a broken man, finally estranged from Sara, and virtually from Wordsworth also, never to return again to the North.

One wishes that Asra had loved him more, but love on a level with that of Coleridge was beyond the range of her nature. Mr. Whalley does his best to present her in a favourable light—as did Miss Coburn, editor of her letters. He speaks of her "gay sense of proportion"; he guesses at her being "overmastered by the sterner rhythms of life; that these had swept over her not only with ineluctable force, but also with a certain blessed rectitude." Put otherwise, this is but to say that her values were essentially commonplace, and her morality conventional. The cruel assumption, in which Coleridge's family and friends stood in a firm phalanx, was that "rectitude" was on their side, while Coleridge, opium-addict and procrastinator, was in all ways in the wrong, and a failure —a view that Coleridge himself was the last to question, with brothers, wife, brother-in-law Southey, patron Wedgwood, friend Wordsworth, publisher Cottle, and Asra herself all in agreement at least on the self-evident point of their own moral superiority to himself. Only Lamb seems never to have passed judgment on him. Weighed, now, in the balance with Coleridge's gifts to posterity, that moral superiority seems lighter than it did; but Sara, it seems, lacked the all-forgiving blindness—or insight—of love. It was Coleridge whose love was of that kind; for Sara emerges from her *Letters* as a most unlovable woman.

Everyone agrees that she was plain; and Crabb Robinson's comment that "she is a lively, sensible little woman" is not endearing. Hartley Coleridge wrote that "her's was pre-eminently a one-sided mind," and Coleridge's daughter found her "devoid of grace and dignity," though she mentions her one beauty, her "fine, long, light-brown hair." Must we thank her because she evoked in Coleridge his capacity for a great love? Or did she, with her famous sense of proportion, clip the wings of the albatross out of a sense of justice to the common duck?

Mr. Whalley's presentation of the material is scholarly and impartial and delicate in its tact. It is a work of critical evaluation, not of personal speculation; and what he sets out to prove is that the influence of Asra upon Coleridge's poems extends far beyond what is immediately apparent. Indeed it is not possible to say at what point the leaven of love is no longer at work in the mind of Coleridge the poet, or Coleridge the philosopher. For the love itself had the quality of imaginative greatness, and bears the stamp of his genius, like all else he ever created. We know that this greatness in love, like all other kinds of

greatness, cost him dear in physical and mental suffering. We wonder whether, had Coleridge been loved more, and suffered less, he might have written again poems equal to the great ones we have. But this is perhaps to apply a quantitative standard where it is least applicable; is not Coleridge's thought and his poetic vision all somewhere, among the apparent disorder of his voluminous writings, consistently and completely expressed? In any case, what he made of his love far transcends the personal level at which it matters whether Sara was worthy, or Coleridge happy or unhappy. Mr. Whalley has wisely let Coleridge himself say the last word on such questions:

> It is . . . an essential mark of true (poetic) genius that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully, than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world . . . and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which the sensation of *self* is always in an inverse proportion.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Hilaire Belloc

Hilaire Belloc: A Memoir. By J. B. MORTON. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hilaire Belloc was a distinguished master of English prose, a witty versifier, a Catholic propagandist and a splendid, rumbustious personality. On the first count Mr. Morton, who writes as an old friend and uncritical admirer, falls into hyperbole by describing him as "the greatest writer of his day"; on the second, he successfully reminds us how fine a versifier Belloc was; thirdly, as an ardent fellow-traveller, he writes as if the least worthy of Belloc's historical works was a glorious blow in the eternal battle against apostasy. But in his last and most difficult task of painting a living portrait of his friend, Mr. Morton is triumphantly convincing.

No one before has written better of the Chester-Belloc fraternity. G.K.C.'s posthumous autobiography, which is amongst my favourite books, contains many excellent yarns and admirable philosophising. But Mr. Morton adds further sagas of their adventures. We knew before that Belloc was a brave man, and an eccentric who dressed like a French politician at a funeral and behaved like a Cambridge undergraduate on a jaunt. Now we learn that he not only held forth in a loud voice about the decadence of the age, the badness of the food, the redness of the blood that had been shed in the country they were walking over, but that he constantly led them in French and English songs; that he nearly drowned himself and his friends in fantastic sailing adventures; that these comrades really walked all night as well as drank all day; that he moved about continuously, arriving, always heralded by telephone, often with bread and ham and a clasped knife in his pocket, anywhere at any time; that he tried to plan his own marches as if he were running a military campaign and insisted on similarly planning other peoples' holidays down to giving them detailed instructions about remote French inns, not even allowing them the pleasure of discovering for themselves where and what to eat and drink. In short, Mr. Morton sustains the Chester-Belloc legend and half convinces us that all these talented and prejudiced men really enjoyed life as they described it in their writings and really suffered from the illusion that they were re-creating the Middle Ages because they were reviving some of its superstitions.

It all sounds grand fun, but if Mr. Morton left it there, it would also sound a little artificial. He is too good a friend to leave it at that. He tells us that Belloc could be humble as well as arrogant, courteous as well as rude, and that he felt remorse because, in the heat of controversy, he gratuitously threw away friendships out of sheer bad temper and pugnacity. Mr. Morton tells us of his discontent and disappointment, of his growing sadness, of his great personal losses, of the gradual failure of his health and memory, of his courage in adversity and stoicism in the face of death. He easily persuades us of all this, but gives no sort of evidence—indeed some to the contrary—that he found "tranquillity of soul" at the end. In spite of his insistent and often irrelevant Catholic propaganda, Mr. Morton has added one more to the great portrait-gallery of famous British eccentrics, and convinced us that Belloc was a very remarkable and lovable character.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Two First Novels

Bonjour Tristesse. By FRANÇOISE SAGAN. Translated by IRENE ASH. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Judith Hearne. By BRIAN MOORE. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those who followed the recent melancholy debate round the bedside of the Novel were left with the feeling that the odds were heavily weighted against the patient. Fiction, by general consent, has become "the Sick Man of Literature" and for most of us, the G.P.s of the profession, called in once a month or so to take a flying look at the old gentleman, it seems to be only a matter of time before he goes to his long home, to join the ballad, the Nō play and the Greek hexameter. A few specialists still offer hopes of recovery. Brazen optimists, like Dr. Snow and Mr. Walter Allen, continue to make encouraging noises at the bedside; a handful of Dr. Leavis's internes call for a fresh injection of moral values; Mr. Priestley recommends a bigger and brighter oxygen tent round the bed. But alas, the majority are unsanguine. Most of them, taking their cue from that distinguished and courtly physician, Sir Harold Nicolson, have already shaken their heads, dumbly pressed the coming widow's hand and called for a hansom. This week, however, the patient has taken a sudden turn for the better. Two extraordinarily gifted and entirely dissimilar first novels have appeared in the space of a single week. The art of fiction, it seems, is alive and kicking.

Mr. Moore, his publishers tell us, is a young man; Mlle Sagan was nineteen when she wrote *Bonjour Tristesse* two years ago. Her book sold more than 200,000 copies in France and it will doubtless sell a great many here. Though I cannot predict such a holocaust of admirers for Mr. Moore, he also will deserve his triumph.

In their pace, their setting, their characterisation, these two novels offset one another perfectly. Mlle Sagan's heroine is a Blue Persian of an adolescent, a young girl flowering in the pagan heartland of the Riviera. Mr. Moore's Miss Hearne comes at us out of the dank mists of Belfast Lough, drippy and steaming like her hideous red mackintosh. The first book is heavy with the hum of the noonday *plage*, weighted with sand and ice cubes, full of the scent of pine needles—it has everything Mr. Connolly implies in his phrase, "the arrogant private dream." Mr. Moore's novel seeps into the system like a cloud of stupefying incense smoke mixed with a powerful whiff of Jameson's whiskey. Their brilliance apart, what have these two writers in common? Wit, a dazzling precocity, a sneaking taste for melodrama and a strange streak of cruelty—the cruelty with which youth judges and from which even the most gifted of young writers cannot be entirely free. Only time can give the novelist compassion. At present both these artists are necessarily imprisoned in their sense of justice.

Mlle Sagan's book is little more than a long short story (it comes to just over 130 pages). It is told in the first person by Cécile, an attractive, pleasure-loving, on-the-spot and not at all sweet seventeen-year-old with a delightful middle-aged *roué* of a father. Cécile is a child of the *bebop*, the night clubs, the existentialist cafés. Raymond, who is a widower, is the essence of the Latin hedonist; he has all the frivolity, the charm, the total lack of moral imagination that goes with the

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breed. There is Cyril, one of those singleted, knickerbockered stock type young men whom we so often meet in French films, and there is Elsa, Raymond's mistress—handsome, silly, affectionate. Standing over against this well-adjusted quartet there is Anne, an old friend of Raymond's, a civilised thoroughbred, the Gallic equivalent of the American "very rare person." Anne loves Raymond; Raymond, amazed to find himself in love with Anne, discards Elsa and prepares to settle down to a life of well-regulated matrimony:

> . . . he loved and admired Anne. She was a change from the stupid and frivolous women he had consorted with in recent years. She satisfied his vanity, his sensuality and his sensibility, for she understood him, and offered her intelligence and experience to supplement his. . . . What really destroyed him, as it did me, was being subjected to fixed habits. We were of the same race; sometimes I thought we belonged to the pure and beautiful race of nomads, and at others to the poor withered breed of hedonists.

From this situation stems the tragedy. Anne, the Jamesian dove, is sacrificed to the nomads' design for living.

Mlle Sagan tells her story exquisitely, in a melodic, fast-flowing prose that is ideally suited to the material. Comparing the original with the translation, we can see how well Miss Ash has done her job. She has effected a most skilful and free rendering, and she has not been afraid to pare and clip the text to suit the English reader. I need only give one example. On page 24 of the French edition Cécile tells us: "*j'étais clouée au sable par toute la force de cet été, les bras pesants, la bouche sèche.*" Miss Ash snips away the last two phrases, leaving us with: "I was nailed to the sand by all the forces of summer." The result is a distinct gain in English. The sentence, coming at the end of the paragraph, gives the whole passage an added, elegiac dimension.

It has been suggested that this novel is slick and meretricious. Personally I do not find it so. Setting aside Mlle Sagan's extraordinary precocity, the book seems to me a considerable achievement, a work of art of much beauty and psychological perception. If the writer falters anywhere, it is, I think, in her melodramatic ending and, perhaps even more, in her portrait of Anne, who never quite comes alive except as a paragon and as a victim. But with the father and daughter Mlle Sagan excels. Cécile and Raymond, like M. Camus's amoral Outsider, like the lady in Johnson's *Rambler*, are "neutral beings." It is their complicity, their "arrogant private dream" that their creator has rendered so perfectly.

Miss Hearne's private dream is anything but arrogant. This is the story of an old maid, and Mr. Moore is determined to spare us none of the pangs of that situation. It is the measure of his skill that what is normally a hackneyed subject here becomes anything but boring. This is partly due to the book's unusual ambiance and partly to the originality with which the theme is treated.

At forty Judith Hearne has very little left to live for. She is plain, genteel, piously Papist and as poor as a church mouse; when we first catch sight of her she is tacking up the Sacred Heart over her bed in her new Belfast lodgings. Mrs. Henry Rice's boarding house has something of the immortal sleaziness of the establishment in *Le Père Goriot*. There is Mr. Lenehan, Miss Friel the elementary school teacher, Mrs. Rice's son Bernie, a spoilt baby-faced student in his early thirties, and Mrs. Rice's brother, who has made his pile in the States and come home to take a look at the old country. Miss Hearne takes to Mr. Madden immediately. Perhaps Mr. Right has turned up at last, just like her Aunt d'Arcy said he would. They attend Mass together, and later in the week he takes her to the pictures. Gradually, a series of painful truths disclose themselves. Jim Madden was a doorman at a hotel in Times Square. His "pile" is the ten thousand dollars-worth of compensation he received in a motor accident. He is not in love with Miss Hearne; he has been stringing her along because he thought she had money. He takes his leave of her. Miss Hearne loses her faith and goes heavily on the drink. (We have already learnt that she is a secret tippler.) After this, everthing happens quickly and violently and in a liquorish mist. Mr. Moore builds his story up to a sickening crescendo, then allows Miss Hearne, all passion spent, to moulder away in one of those appalling religious homes of which only the Irish imagination is capable.

Mr. Moore describes Miss Hearne copiously and dispassionately. By the end of the book we feel we know not only everything about her life—how pitifully little there is to know!—but about her inmost personality and condition. Mr. Moore is a young writer and he still writes in a variety of styles—his bar-room scenes have an absurd echo of *Ulysses*, while once in church he adopts that bless-me-father-for-I-have-sinned manner that is so infuriating in the religious novels of Mr. Bruce Marshall. None the less his book is a harrowing *tour de force*. He has got deep inside the skin of his terrible old maid and he has managed to evoke the atmosphere of a city that the novel has tended to ignore. These are no small achievements.

JOHN RAYMOND

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The Importance of Ernest

The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. By CHARLES A. FENTON. *Vision Press* and *Peter Owen*. 25*s*.

The books American professors of English write—Mr. Fenton is at Yale—become odder and odder. This book may best be described as an account of the public career of Mr. Hemingway as a young man. Biography it is not, and it is not in the most tantalising way. Thus the first chapter deals with Mr. Hemingway's youth in the town of Oak Park, Illinois. It is largely a reconstruction of his schooldays and his first attempts at writing in the school magazine under the encouragement of two English teachers in Oak Park High School, Miss Biggs and Miss Dixon. Of his boyhood outside school we are told nothing, or rather, merely that "a number of unpleasant things happened to Hemingway in Oak Park." What they were is anybody's guess. We see the woodpile all right, but Mr. Fenton disdains to show us the nigger.

The first half of the book, indeed, is unwittingly rather funny. Mr. Fenton has a strong vein of the author of *From Log Cabin to White House* in his make-up. "It would be a distortion to conceive of Hemingway as a predominantly bookish or literary high school student. In the extracurricular posts and memberships Hemingway was spectacularly well rounded. It required eight lines to list his achievements in the Class Book. . . . He could hardly have acquired those eight inches . . . had his four years been chaotic or disturbed." Similarly, when this sterling youth who so well knew the importance of being earnest joined the staff of the *Kansas City Star*, he was, "above all, an apt and industrious pupil."

The interest of the book lies in Mr. Fenton's study of Hemingway's work as a newspaperman, first in Kansas City and then, after his return from the wars—he was the first wounded American to arrive in New York from the Italian front and accordingly fêted in the press—on the *Toronto Star* as its correspondent in Paris, at the war between the Greeks and the Turks in 1922, at the Lausanne conference and in the Ruhr. Mr. Fenton seems to have read every word Hemingway wrote as a journalist and he quotes enough of his later dispatches to show how brilliant a reporter he was, how singularly well-informed, and how prescient of future events. He proves without any doubt the magnitude of the influence on Hemingway of what he saw in Asia Minor, an influence as great as that of his war-time experiences in Italy; and he traces in a fascinating way the use Mr. Hemingway made of his journalistic experiences in the short stories he published when his relatively short career in newspaper work was ended.

WALTER ALLEN

Shorter Reviews

Clara Novello, 1818-1908. By AVERIL MACKENZIE-GRIEVE. *Geoffrey Bles*. 18*s*.

Clara Novello was a sweet-voiced, blue-eyed singer who captivated Schumann, Mendelssohn and Rossini, was fêted all over Europe, and ended her days as a widowed Countess crocheting vests on the Roman Campagna and listening to Sir George Dyson playing Debussy, "which she bore," according to him, "with exemplary patience." Clara's life was by no means as *mouvementé* as that of Tosca, but it had its moments; her placid triumphs were achieved in a Europe convulsed by revolutions and sporadic fighting at the barricades. During her foreign tours, however, her main preoccupation seems to have been with nourishment and warmth. In the midst of a turbulent season at La Scala she writes home: "I have to wrap myself in a large Scotch Schawl and sit with my feet in a fur bag . . . not to mention all sorts of flannel petticoats such as only dear old England can provide," and in Weimar she sighs: "Oh! for one real Christmas beef and Plumb pudding." In the most equivocal situation she always remained a lady, and was probably quite pleased when a London critic described her in one of her operatic roles as "a nice good little Sappho."

She met everybody, from Keats downwards, and it is these encounters with the celebrated and peculiar which give Miss Mackenzie-Grieve her most entertaining moments. Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis begged from Clara a lock of Malibran's hair to keep in her bedside vitrine with her collection of jewels and hangman's ropes; Miss Nightingale, signing herself "Your overflowing," cut off half of her own as a tribute to Clara, "but my sister Lady Verney came in and took away all but the shabby piece I now send." By contrast with the future mistress of 10 Downing Street and the heroic nurse, the opera singer emerges as a piquantly normal person.

Atoms in the Family. By LAURA FERMI. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

When (or should one say *if?*) the history of the atomic age is written, the cradle period, the secret hatching of the bomb in a secret town in the Arizona desert, will make a romantic, not to say incredible, opening chapter. It certainly provides the best material in Mrs. Fermi's book about her husband, the late Enrico Fermi, who designed the first atomic pile and was one of the most dynamic characters in the group of international physicists imported by America to Los Alamos. This is not in any other way a remarkable book, though it gains poignancy from the fact that soon after its publication in America Dr. Fermi died. It is written with the determined gaiety which seems to be the rule with American wives writing about their husbands, and the knowledge of his death invests the chirpy account with accidental sadness, since Fermi does emerge as an amusing, difficult, very lovable man.

But nuclear physicists, even the geniuses among them, are not in other respects very different from other people, and Mrs. Fermi has found it hard work to convey the unusualness of being a physicist's wife. We do not, yet, react appreciatively to the creation of an atomic pile as we do to the birth of other sorts of masterpiece. Realising this, Mrs. Fermi has tried to explain nuclear fission to the reader as she goes along, relating instructive conversations between herself and her husband. She has tried valiantly to make it all delightfully amusing, but nuclear physics are not really very funny. These instructive patches, rather in the vein of *Magnall's Questions*, get in the way of the narrative without making the process in the least understandable to the common reader. But from the point where the Italian Fermis become Americans, and are hidden away in a population of scientists with assumed names in a secret city in the desert, where the wives lead a luxurious concentration-camp life in discreet ignorance, and the husbands work in happy confidence on their dream-like project of potential world destruction, the story takes on the horrid fascination of science fiction.

Veterans of the Road. By ELIZABETH NAGLE. *Arco.* 18*s.*

The British, despite their assumption that they are God's Chosen Mechanics, have in reality never come to grips with the mechanical age. One consequence of this is that such things as veteran cars, which by their longevity have proved their outstanding worth, are raised to the status of gods. A club dedicated to their homage has long been in existence; and now an esoteric literature is springing up.

Miss Nagle in her book combines entertainingly, if here and there repetitiously, the history of the car and the growth of the club. The club was begun in 1930 by a tiny group of enthusiasts. Its aim was to preserve, while there was still time, the early pioneering models of the now familiar Lanchesters, Bentleys, and others. Until the war it gently thrived. As the book emphasises, it is only in the post-war period that veteran cars have hit "big-time," become the sport of hundreds, the interest of thousands, and the passing attraction of millions. Some measure, perhaps, of their present popularity can be gauged by the success of *Genevieve*—the film, as it were, of the car. Miss Nagle's book, written to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the club, inclines to a proliferation of superlatives. These fail to pin down precisely the mixture of adulation and practical knowledge that surrounds such elderly vehicles like a protective screen. Nevertheless, much may be forgiven a book that contains so many excellent photographs of these superb and elegant creatures.

Into the Blue. By LIONEL FERGUSON. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Vacation journeys through mud, sweat and sandstorm are almost part of the university syllabus. John Esplen, a twenty-one year old geographer, led an expedition in which he and four friends made the journey by car from Cambridge to the source of the Blue Nile and back. Undergraduates should note the intelligent way in which the party spent their fifteen precious days on Lake Tana. Exhausted by the terrible journey, and anxious not to be late for the university term, they began a programme of research which ranged from village drains to Ethiopian painting of the sixteenth century.

Ethiopia was more civilised than they had hoped: but was it cheating to sleep in a royal villa? On the sixty-fifth day they reached the source of the Blue Nile—time for a swim. The water was not as translucent as the map in Cambridge had suggested, nor indeed was the road home, which started *Into the Blue*, and almost ended in the mud.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,317

Set by Lionel Hale

The following epitaph on J. W. Dunne (author of *An Experiment with Time*) was composed by me—late, as ever—some years after his death:

"Disturb me not," said Dunne the Dreamer. "I'm
Making my great Experiment with Time."
Time, waiting quietly till his Race was Run,
Here ends his great Experiment with Dunne.

Competitors are invited for the usual prizes to submit similar *épitaphes d'escalier* (in quatrains of two heroic couplets) on a deceased character of this century, tinctured with the flavour of the irony of mortality. Entries by May 31.

Result of No. 1,314

Set by Sylvia Clayton

> Television has recently been venturing into the homes of the famous. Viewers have been given a glimpse of Lady Barnett at home in her eighteenth-century farmhouse with her collection of Rockingham china and her bowls of bulbs. Competitors are invited to supply a brief *Radio Times* outline of the attractions to be expected in the home of any celebrity of the past. Limit 150 words.

Report

Now that an Englishman's home is the great public's peepshow it was to be expected that nothing, not even Dr. Johnson's dirty tea-cups, would be considered too intimate or too irrelevant for the prying camera eye. But the better entries achieved gaiety without indecent intrusion: even M. Villon's closest friends will not wince at the promised display of "daggers, bottles and manuscripts, including an early, unpublished novel of student life" (Albert Hunt); while unbending Johnsonians will be one with cat-lovers in hoping that when TV visits Bolt Court "Hodge himself will be present, and we may all watch him enjoying his oysters." John Brown brought a nice B.B.C. thoroughness to his peep at a sage's home:

> A master cooper will give a talk on tubs and their construction at 8 p.m. on Monday, with a telefilm of various kinds of tubs, and the Diogenes' visit will follow at 8.15 p.m.

But neither the Johnson nor Shakespeare entries were as numerous or successful as might have been expected.

First prize of three guineas to Jolyon Lea, who scores wickedly off both TV and the *Radio Times;* second, of one guinea to Findlay P. Murdoch; and half a guinea each to J. P. Stevenson and Roff. Commended: A. D. Bennett Jones ("After the half hour with Mr. Billy Graham at Wembley, TV cameras will be visiting the charming country home of Adam and his wife at Eden. The garden, which has now been turned into a National Park . . ."), Vera Telfer ("In the centre of the courtyard is a charming *al fresco* altar to Baal for Jezebel is a religious woman . . ."), Guy Kendall (whose visit to Diogenes "will not rank as a party political broadcast"), John Brown and Albert Hunt.

VILLAGE VISIT, by *The Scanners*

As the Plague prevents any immediate return to London, our edition of *Home Glimpses* this week comes from Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, where resides the brilliant young scientist, Isaac Newton (remember his lens grinding machine in *Inventors' Club*?) at the outset of what will be, we feel, a brilliant career. His home (his twice-widowed mother's, actually) contains many fascinating projects of his: prisms, lenses, telescopes and papers litter his rooms, the papers revealing his interest in astronomy, coinage and, curiously, alchemy, although he assures us that alchemy is "out." We do not know what this young man will finally devote himself to, but on Tuesday evening you may catch a hint. Our own belief is that he will become a great plant-breeder as, on our remarking on the beautiful apple-blossom in his mother's orchard, he replied, "Yes, I have a theory about that, too."

JOLYON LEA

ROYAL AT HOME

On Friday Richard Nimblewit, with outside broadcast cameras, will visit Balmoral Castle, the Highland home of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

We are indebted for this signal honour and privilege to Prince Albert, who has taken the most discerning and earnest interest in broadcasting ever since the inception of the Third Programme and is now one of the staunchest advocates of the establishment of a TV programme of comparable cultural level.

Since the Prince himself will act as Royal host to Richard Nimblewit and conduct him through the palatial rooms and corridors, famous for their unique tartan decorations and magnificent Landseer portraits, viewers will appreciate that etiquette will forbid our commentator from commenting, and Richard Nimblewit will therefore not speak unless spoken to.

Lovers of horses will be especially interested to learn that cameras will also look into the Royal stables, under the guidance of His Royal Highness's personal gillie, kilted Mr. John Brown.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

A GREAT LADY AT HOME

"My beautiful home? But I have six," said Lady Alfonso d'Este when asked to open her doors to TV. Of them all, however, not even the ducal palace offers quite so engaging a welcome to the camera as the old castle that forms her private apartment in Ferrara. "What romantic secrets," I exclaimed, "could this

May I introduce myself?

THOMPSON, MAJOR HON. WILLIAM MARMADUKE, C.S.I. (1934), D.S.O. (1943), O.B.E. (1931), *b.* 8 Oct. 1902. 4th *s.* of 4th Earl Strawforness. *Education:* Rugby; Trinity College, Oxford. *Married:* i. Penelope Ursula Hopkins († 1931); ii. 1932 Martine-Nicole Noblet. Entered Army 1924. *Recreations:* Big-game hunting, natural history, golf, gardening.

MAJOR THOMPSON
lives in France
PIERRE DANINOS
Translated into English from
Les Carnets du Major Thompson.
Published by Jonathan Cape, with illustrations by Walter Goetz, at
9*s.* 6*d.* net

green and placid moat unfold "—but Lady Alfonso seemed more anxious to discuss her famous collection of modern art. Related to His Holiness, her interest in the Church is everywhere apparent—" and of course my brother," she remarked, pausing before a magnificent portrait of the Duke of Valentinois by Titian, "is a clergyman—and actively interested in local government, too."

Viewers with a taste for first editions will be intrigued by her fine range of Manuzios. It will be for her family's encouragement of printing, she prophesies, that the Borgias will be principally remembered. J. P. STEVENSON

TV CALLS ON SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON

Since his retirement from his third term as Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington has lived quietly in his well-appointed London home with Lady Whittington, whom he affectionately calls his "principal girl" and who acts as part-time secretary in the many financial ventures in which he still engages. Viewers may see her in her kitchen, supervising the activities of her attractive young domestics ("Sir Richard calls them the 'beau-belles,'" she explained to our reporter, "because you never know when one of them might change his sex"). Sir Richard will probably be hard at work in his counting-house; perhaps in consultation with his jobber—though if, as frequently happens, the latter holds out his hat and says "Turn again, Whittington," we fear that Sir Richard may well set about him with his whip—"the cat," he calls it—from which he is rarely separated. ROFF

The Chess Board

No. 294 The Reward of Sin

In Chess (just as in life), we are bound to get our metaphors mixed. When virtuous we may well hanker after some non-inherent reward such as the boon of a chessbook token, and the wages of sin may well be a pretty mate in 8, such as in this hell-for-leather game won by A. J. Roycroft in the recent Hampstead v. Oxford and Cambridge match.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(17) B-Kt5	Q x B
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(18) Q x Kt	Kt x QP ch
(3) B-B4	Kt x P	(19) K-B1	B-K4
(4) Q-R5	Kt-Q3	(20) Q x KtP ch	K-B1
(5) B-Kt3	Kt-B3	(21) R-Q1	P-B5
(6) Kt-Kt5	P-KKt3	(22) Kt-Q4	P-B6
(7) Q-B3	P-KB4	(23) P-Kt3	P-K6!
(8) Q-Q5	Q-B3	(24) R x Kt	B x Kt
(9) Kt x P ch	K-Q1	(25) Q x B	P-K7 ch
(10) Kt x R	P-QKt3	(26) K-K1	Q-B8 ch
(11) Kt x P	P x Kt	(27) B-Q1	P x B(Q) ch
(12) Kt-B3?	P-K5	(28) R x Q	R-K1 ch
(13) Kt-Kt1	B-QKt2	(29) K-B1	B-R3 ch
(14) Kt-K2	B-Kt2	(30) P-B4	B x P ch
(15) P-QB3	Q-K2?	(31) K-Kt1	R-K8 ch
(16) P-Q3	Kt-Kt5	(32) R x R	Q x R mate

A game of no less vicissitudes came to this position in which I. Montagu finally forced the draw. His opponent had just played R-KKt3, and this is what happened.

(21)		Q-K2
(22) B-B3		R-B2
(23) R-Q8 ch		Kt-B1
(24) Q x RP		P-QKt3
(25) R-K8		Q-R6 ch
(26) K-B2		Q x P ch

The K dare not venture on the Q file, since the R-check is now possible. (26) K-Kt1 is ruled out by Q x B, and B-Kt2 by Q x R.

Yet another chessbook token goes to P. Hamburger for a brevity he won against that famous old duffer A. N. Other.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(10) P-KR4	P-KR3
(2) Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(11) K-Kt1	Kt-R2
(3) P-Q4	B-Kt5	(12) Q-B5	P x B
(4) P x P	B x Kt	(13) P x P	Kt x P
(5) Q x B	P x P	(14) R x Kt	Q-K1
(6) B-QB4	Kt-KB3	(15) Kt-Q5	B-Q1
(7) Kt-B3	QKt-Q2	(16) Kt x P	B x Kt
(8) B-KKt5	B-K2	(17) Q x Kt	Q x R
(9) O-O-O	O-O	(18) Q-R5	resigns

In the competition too, every item is as home-made as it ought to be in a Readers Own week. The 4-pointer for beginners is a (concocted) game position, in which White forces the issue in a few moves. How? **B** and **C** are both wins for White and should be well worth 6 and 7 ladder-points for their authors' fellow-competitors.

A: J. T. Steele 1955

B: C. J. Morse 1954

C: D. E. Cohen 1954

Usual prizes. Entries by May 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 291. Set April 30.

A: (1) R-Q8 ch, K-K2, (2) B-Kt5 ch, P-B3, (3) B x P ch, P x B, (4) Q-Kt7 ch, K x R, (5) R-Q1 ch, Q-Q3, (6) Q-B8 mate. B: (1) R-KB6 ch, K-Kt2, (2) R-B7 ch!, K-Kt1, (3) R-K7!, etc., if (2) . . . K x R, (3) Kt-Kt5 ch, followed by Kt-B3 etc., if (2) . . . K-R3, (3) R-R7 ch, followed by Kt-Kt5 etc., if (1) . . . K-K2, (2) R-B7 ch, K-Q1, (3) R x P ch, K x R, (4) Kt-B5 ch, followed by Kt-Q3, if (1) . . . K-K1, (2) Kt-Q6 ch, K-K2, (3) R-B4!, P queens, (4) R-K4 ch etc.

C: (1) P-Q7, K-K2, (2) R-Q6, K-Q1, (3) P-R6, R-R6!, (4) K-B2, R-B6 ch, (5) K-K2!, R-QR6, (6) K-K1!, R-K6 ch, (7) K-Q2!, R-QR6, (8) K-K2!, R-R7 ch, (9) K-B1!, R-R8 ch, (10) K-B2, R-QR6, (11) K-Kt2, P-Kt6, (12) K-R3, R-B6, (13) P-R7, R-QR6, (14) R-KR6, K x P, (15) R-R8 etc.

A tough lot yet quite a few correct or near-correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, K. Beaumont, J. Ernest, A. J. Roycroft, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Company Meetings

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY

RECORD SALES IN 1954

LORD STRATHALMOND'S STATEMENT

The 46th annual general meeting of The British Petroleum Company Limited will be held on June 9 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Strathalmond, C.B.E., LL.D.:

In accordance with the resolutions approved at the Extraordinary General Meeting of 16th December, 1954, this is your Company's first Annual Report and Accounts to appear under its new name, The British Petroleum Company Limited.

The Consolidated trading profit and other income for 1954 before providing for Depreciation was £75,348,941 compared with £63,883,828 for 1953. From this figure provision has been made of £30,406,091 for Depreciation, the corresponding figure for 1953 being £20,056,243. After providing for Debenture Interest and £19,592,977 for taxation on profits, the amount available for reserves and dividends is £23,962,764 compared with £24,382,850 for 1953.

Your Directors have placed £5,550,000 to General Reserve, which now stands at £36,000,000, and have recommended a final dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 14 per cent, making a total for the year of 15 per cent. on the capital as increased by the capitalisation last December of part of the General Reserve.

Total Capital Expenditure during 1954 was approximately £55,000,000 including the following main items:—Refineries £32,500,000; Tankers £9,000,000; Oil Exploration Interests £4,500,000; Marketing Interests £8,000,000.

PRODUCTION

Crude oil production in Kuwait, Iraq and Qatar was again increased in 1954, when our offtake from those sources totalled some 36,000,000 tons, compared with 32,000,000 in 1953. As from 29th October, when the agreement between Iran and the Consortium companies took effect, to the end of 1954 our liftings from Iran were 440,000 tons, about one-third in crude oil and the balance in refined products. Our current liftings from Iran are at the rate of 5,000,000 tons per annum, including 2,000,000 tons of crude oil.

In the United Kingdom our crude oil production was 59,000 tons compared with 54,600 tons in 1953.

Exploration operations were increased during the year in the various overseas territories in which we have interests.

REFINING

Our total refinery throughput in 1954, at 24,000,000 tons, was 4,000,000 tons greater than in 1953. Principal contributors to this increase were the new Aden refinery, which came into operation in July, 1954, and the Kent and Hamburg refineries. On 1st February last our new Kwinana Refinery in Western Australia was commissioned; that addition, together with the development of our other refining installations and interests, should achieve the figure of 30,000,000 tons which I mentioned last year as our expected total refining capacity by the end of this year.

In Great Britain, throughput in 1954 of our four refineries totalled 10,563,000 tons against 9,327,000 tons in 1953.

The statement then referred to the refinery operations in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Israel, Kuwait, Aden, Australia and Abadan, and continued:

DISTRIBUTION AND SALES

World demand for petroleum products, excluding Russia and her satellites, increased by about 5 per cent. in 1954, following the same trend as in the previous two years. This world figure would have been greater but for the slight business recession in the U.S.A. where the increase was limited to 2 per cent. In the Eastern Hemisphere, wherein lies the bulk of your Company's interests, the increase in oil consumption in a year of generally high business activity was 11 per cent. above the 1953 level, comparing with increases of about 8 per cent. in each of the two preceding years. This gain in Eastern Hemisphere trade, representing some 18 million tons, was matched by increased output of Middle East crude oil—particularly in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

The growth in refinery capacity in the Eastern Hemisphere last year of 24 million tons was more than adequate to cover the increased demand.

The Group's sales of crude oil and refined products in 1954 were at a record level of 41 million tons, about one million tons greater than the previous peak figure achieved in 1950, the last year in which we were fully operating in Iran. Sales in 1954 represented an increase of nearly 4 million tons, or 10½ per cent. over 1953.

Our sales of aviation spirit have continued to expand. The BP International Oil Bunkering Service continues to provide an important part of world bunker supplies.

Sales of our branded lubricants show a very satisfactory increase compared with 1953 both in this country and overseas and our largely increased production is all being disposed of through our own marketing outlets.

In the United Kingdom, the continued upward trend in industrial activity was reflected in a strong demand for petroleum products in 1954. Sales of fuel oil showed a marked expansion and we are being called upon to contribute in an increasing degree to the country's industrial energy requirements.

RESEARCH

The work of our Research and Development establishments continues to maintain and enhance the Company's reputation for products of the highest quality and performance, as well as to keep the BP Group abreast of its competitors in the continually evolving techniques of finding, producing, transporting and refining crude oils.

Automatic Telephone & Electric Co.

The annual general meeting of the Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited will be held on June 15 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E.:

Group profit for the year 1954 is £1,440,400.

Sales of Telephone equipment to the Post Office in 1954 were again limited by Treasury restriction but it is satisfactory to record that increased capital expenditure will be available to the Post Office enabling planning to take place to satisfy the large demands for telephone service, which show no sign of abating.

Certainly the future prospect for the disheartened applicants for telephones is much brighter.

In overseas markets, which accounted for over 70% of our sales, we more than maintained our position and the forward outlook is encouraging in spite of strong international competition. Telephone development the world over is growing at a rapid pace.

Our exports go to 69 countries and embrace telecommunication and signalling systems of various forms. Whilst telephone switching is still the major export, much progress continues to be made in the field of multi-channel line and radio equipment, a Division which is expanding rapidly.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £650-£1,350 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 28, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Southampton. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for Lecturer in Social Case Work. Salary on Lecturers' Scale £650-£1,350 with placing according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars from Secretary and Registrar, The University, Southampton, to whom applications should be sent not later than May 31, 1955.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in Psychology to begin duties on October 1, 1955. Salary scale £550 × £50—£650, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (3 copies) should be sent by June 7.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmistress. Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. (Headmistress: Miss G. N. M. Edmed, B.A.) A secondary school for about 1,350 girls. The school is at present a grammar school which is being enlarged to become a comprehensive school from September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance, at present £250 a year, but likely to be increased in relation to proposed increased allowances for advanced teaching. The school will be filled at the outset by the pupils of the former grammar school and by transfers from neighbouring schools. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in catering and needle trades. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Parliament Hill) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by May 27. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts, and have no particulars to add, may apply on form EO/TS10B. (685.)

LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School for Boys at Dacres Road, Lewisham, S.E.23. Headmaster required for this new comprehensive school for about 1,320 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The school will be in Burnham Group XIX (head's allowance £800). Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some leading to advanced studies in commerce and building. There will be a deputy headmaster with a substantial special allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmaster will have adequate administrative and secretarial assistance. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Dacres obtainable from the Education Officer (TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS10B for those who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Closing date May 30, 1955. (671.)

B.B.C. requires temporary full- and part-time Holiday Relief Programme Assistants in German Service. Requirements include thorough knowledge of German language (as mother tongue) and of English; ability to read fluently at microphone and to translate from English into German; good general knowledge and interest in current affairs. Experience in journalism and ability to type advantages. Salary at rate of £725 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting "900/N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

MARKET Analyst required for Export Division of Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Dagenham, Essex. Degree in economics or commerce essential. Must have analytical mind, good knowledge of statistics and sales, long-term forecasting. Experience of foreign markets and/or motor industry an asset. Age 23/35. Reply to Salaried Personnel Department quoting reference FMA/PP.

QUALIFIED resident Music Mistress wanted September for well-known boys' Preparatory School North Scotland, to teach piano, violin & class-singing. Box 6466.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Appns. are invited from women Graduates (age 30-40) for new appt. as Public Information Organiser. Candidates must have exp. in public speaking, Committee procedure and writing ability. Exp. of Social work field also desirable. Duties (under direction of a Ctee.) will include forwarding aims of Assoc., responsibility for spreading knowledge through many media of the bases of Mental Health and principles of Mental Hygiene. Salary according to age and exp. Appns. to Gen. Sec., 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1, by May 31, 1955.

CHILD Welfare Officers—London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Duties include receiving into care; rehabilitation; boarding-out; adoption supervision; after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Full details and application forms (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CHA/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date May 31, 1955. (493.)

CHILDREN'S Homes. County Council of Essex require staff for two newly built homes, each for 10 children, to be opened in July and August in Basildon new town. Housemother (£375 – £435) and Assistant Housemother (£320 – £365) required for each home. £108 deducted for residential emoluments and additional £15 a year paid to holders of Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Training or experience in similar work essential for Housemothers and desirable for Assistants. Application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council invites applications from men or women (married or widowed) for a new appointment of Training Officer to organise selection and training of marriage counsellors throughout the country. Experience of selection and training techniques essential, preferably of voluntary workers; adult education experience desirable. Salary £650-750 p.a. with allowances of £50 per dependent child and optional superannuation scheme. Appointment subject to medical examination. Application forms from General Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, London, W.1, must be returned within 3 weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

TEMPORARY post for holiday relief worker for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in the Central Metropolitan Boroughs in London from June-September. Salary according to experience. Preference given to trained social workers with experience in C.A.B. Apply in writing to C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Master wanted September for Gordonstoun Preparatory School to teach Mathematics and/or History and Geography. Write Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffs.

LONDON County Council. Palingswick House Hostel, 241, King Street, Hammersmith, London, W.6. Applications are invited for the following new appointments at this hostel for 50 diabetic boys and girls of all ages. I. Assistant Warden (man or woman) to assist the Warden in the general running of the hostel with particular reference to the children's well-being and recreational activities. II. Senior Housematron, mainly to assist the Domestic Bursar with the housekeeping and domestic organisation of the hostel and to undertake some practical child care work. These posts would be suitable as a joint appointment for a married couple or as separate appointments. Nursing experience especially with diabetics, would be a useful additional qualification in either post but is not essential. Salary for each post £408 × £12 15s.—£471 15s. less approx. £94 at present for board, lodging and laundry. Appointments above the minimum of the salary scale will be made for candidates with relevant experience. Further details and application forms, returnable by May 28, 1955, from Education Officer (Estab. 6/589/J), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

L.C.S. Children's Camp, Ongar, Essex. Assistant Warden required (Male). Period: July 23 to August 28. Duties: camp organisation, camp recreational activities. Accommodation and meals provided. Small honorarium payable. Valuable opportunity for interested person to acquire experience of working with children. Apply The Education Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department, 34 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

DIRECTOR of West End travel agency requires really intelligent secretary—good sh./typ. speeds essential. Arduous but interesting work which has its compensations. Apply Mr. Abosv—Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

TRADE Union Organiser reqd. to work in field of television and films. Applications in writing marked "Organiser," to A.C.T., 2 Soho Sq., W.1, by June 1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SECRETARY wanted (age 21-30) by London Correspondence School. Interesting opportunity for an intelligent woman seeking a congenial post. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and salary required, to Box 6851.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST End Merchant House require energetic salesman, 25-35, experienced U.K. and export of iron and steel products. Good salary with prospect becoming shortly departmental head. Write Box 7125.

WRITER in Hampstead wants help in her home. Driving and typing useful, cooking not essent. Live in or daily, hours/terms by arrangement. Box 6933.

THE whole of Europe on your desk! An opportunity to learn specialised and interesting work as ticket issue clerk in West End travel agency. If you are intelligent, quick, neat and methodical, you will soon learn and earn commensurate salary. Apply: Mrs. Cunningham, Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

SMALL West End Record Manufacturing Company requires an invoice typist immediately. 5-day week. Write Box 7265.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

OLD-Established publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 7229.

BURNETTS have a wonderful selection of highly paid Office posts in all London areas, e.g., Receptionist Shorthand-Typist, Mayfair Society Photographer, 9-5.30, £7 10s. Young ladies of good education & socialist leanings especially welcome—and, of course, No Fees! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

VACANCY for intelligent and responsible secretary in film unit. Starting salary £7 per week. Box 7173.

LEADING London publishing house requires young lady as assistant in their advertisement department, some publicity exper. essential. 5-day week, 9.30-5. Box 7209.

SECY./Sh.-typist reqd. by London publisher. 5-day wk. 9-5.30. Fortnight holiday. Salary £7 10s., bonus. Box 7184.

JUNIOR Assistant, 18-23, wanted for widely known Jewish library. Knowledge German, typing. Box 7010.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

£5 per week offered to country-loving person who should be well able to attend to cooking, housework and two day-school children. Box 7014.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

VERSATILE yng. person seeks job, interesting & exciting. Wide knowl. things & people from films, advtg., to farming. Excel bus. head. Pref. States. Box 6909.

GRADUATE (N.Z.), exp. of editing and design, would like interesting post with book or periodical publisher. Box 7177.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duncannon Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2903.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6628.

ENTERPRISING farmer, 34, returning England from U.S.A. mid-June: biology trained, published writer and photographer, sales & publicity exp., fluent German, seeks post. Lobotzin, c/o Hayward, Jordans, Bucks.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Kindergarten 15gns., Junior and Senior School 20gns.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

ST. CATHERINE'S Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel, Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4506. Elizabeth Peel.

ST. Nicholas School, 39, Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

IN TEXTILES

The WHOLESALER helps the RETAILER

THE infinite variety of goods in the shops that sell Textiles* is made possible by the work of the Wholesaler. Through his warehouse and travellers, the Wholesaler offers the Retailer, for quick delivery, the pick of the products of many factories, not only in this country, but abroad.

This centralized service saves the Retailer time and money. It eliminates the need to visit scores of manufacturers. It simplifies his book-keeping. What is more, the Wholesaler gives the Retailer helpful credit.

The Retailer who buys from the Wholesaler is pursuing a sound economic policy.

(*Clothing, hosiery, drapery, millinery, footwear, soft furnishings, floor coverings and haberdashery).

This is the THIRD of a series of four announcements describing how the Textile Wholesaler helps the Manufacturer, the Retailer and the Nation.

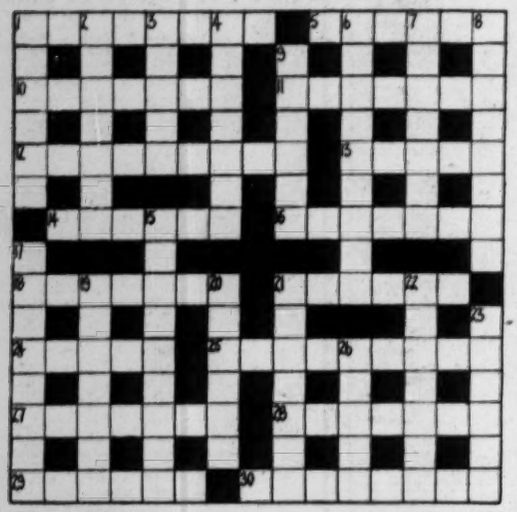
Issued by

The WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Tib. 309

Week-end Crossword No. 153

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 153, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 31.



ACROSS

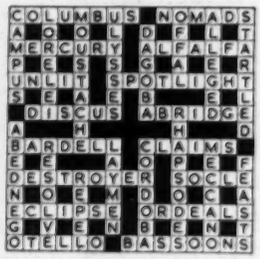
1. State where there is trouble with the Negro problem? (8).
5. A cheap disorderly ruffian (6).
10. The long distance flyer has to storm after a fighter (7).
11. Dances for soldiers (7).
12. Get rid of the Scot in the Italian masterpiece? (9).
13. With me in it the spirit has real possibilities (5).
14. Girl who is a grown-up in the grammar school (6).
16. One wise man has little time for another (7).
18. Journey of song and dance (7).
21. My uncomfortable place in India (6).
24. Usual behaviour of a sailor in success (5).
25. Plenty, but not a cake-walk (9).
27. The detective's brother is in my small farm (7).
28. Residence one may have yearned for (7).
29. In changing hands I am foreign (6).
30. The right of patronage causes a fellow to be interrupted by promises (8).

DOWN

1. "The most lamentable ——, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby" (*M.N.D.*) (6).
2. The soldier in the pub is not incoherent (7).
3. Domain in which the German painter is obscure (5).
4. Those who have an excessive fondness for a function with darts perhaps (7).
6. They are to be found in the saloon, capable among the drinks (9).
7. The lie of the island? (7).
8. Letters formed by altering the position of lips and nose (8).
9. Programme boards? (6).
15. Frees food, but it makes a dear change with nothing in cans (9).
17. Found out wherein fame doth disintegrate? (8).
19. Crossed flower (7).
20. "He —— his footsteps in the sea." (Cowper) (6).
21. Stale, yet in form? (7).
22. Gives a performance largely featuring those who can put the finishing touch? (7).
23. Do you know that batsman? (6).
26. He made laws for the motorists in the party (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 151


COLUMBUS NOMADS
A O O L D F L T
MERCURY ALFALFA
P E S S G A E R
UNLIT SPOTLIGHT
S E A E B E L
DISCUS ABRIDGE
A H H D
BARDELL CLAIMS
E E A O P E F
DESTROYER SOCLE
N O E M D O C A
ECLIPSE ORDEALS
G V E N B E N T
OTELLO BASSOONS

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 151

Mrs. A. L. Sillitto (Glasgow), J. T. Richards (Manchester), Mrs. E. C. Nicholls (Canterbury).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WORDS in the News: Poll, the head: the hair of the head: the head and shoulders of a ling: the blunt end of the head of a hammer, miner's pick, etc.: a head as a unit in numbering, an individual: (Shak.) number of individuals: a register, esp. of voters: a voting: an aggregate of votes: a polled animal. You'll find it in Chambers's Dictionary along with 150,000 other references. From all booksellers 20s.

"COMPREHENSIVE Schools To-day," by Robin Pedley. Councils & Education Press, Ltd., 10 Queen Anne St., W.1. 3s. 6d.

SATIRICAL gem by "Sancho Panza" entitled "The New Conservatism" appears in the Special Election Number of "Labour Monthly," now on sale. Also famous drawing of Einstein by Kapp. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

THE S.P.G.B. is barred from the air, but you can read the Socialist case in the "Socialist Standard." Send 4d, stamp today, 52 Clapham High St., S.W.4.

"THE Liberal Catholic." A quarterly magazine of literary quality. Critical, sympathetic examination of religion and mysticism. A stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Trial subscription, 7s. per annum, to 30, Gordon St., London, W.C.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscriptions. "National Geog. Magazine," 49s. 2d.; "Life" (Int.), 45s.; "Popular Mechanics," 32s.; "Popular Photography," 36s.; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

LORDS test their appetites with Rayner's delicious Indian Mango Chutney. Available at all good grocers.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

IRVING Theatre, Leics. Sq., avail. for Conferences, Meetings, Lectures, etc. Stage & 100 seats. 1gn. hour. WHI. 8657.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

WEALTHY man seeks wife who will guarantee to serve Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney. From all good grocers.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

£5 wk. Illness/accident Insurance. ½ yrly. prem. £3 Men, £5 Women. Detls.: Mutual Broker, 130 Balfour Rd., Ilford.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith (via Stockport). Mountain air, home cooking, personal attention. Brochure.

PAINTING holiday in unique circumstances. 9gns. weekly. Good cellar, good cooking, 3,000-volume library. Brochure: The Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

PAYING guests welc. Modernised farmhse., ideally situated Wenlock Edge, Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

ITS been a hard winter so book now for your holidays at King Charles I Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where you can rely on good food and comfortable beds. Terms 8-11gns.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food, in Georgian manor house with 30 acres now ablaze with wild flowers. Reduced rates till mid-July. Whitsun vacancies. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

WEST Cornwall, mile from two beaches. Modern det. bungalow. Bed & breakfst. 12s. 6d. Chedworth, Goonvrea, St. Agnes.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penralt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

BUTTERMERE, Lake District. Visit Hassness, the first hotel to be opened in Britain under the National Parks Act. Incl. terms from 5gns. weekly. Write to Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland. Buttermere 209.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfst. 6gns. Bridport 311911. Box 6608.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216

MULLION, South Cornwall, Mount's Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. Friendly, informal. Club licence. H. & c. all rooms. Brochure with pleasure. Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. R. Poynter.

KENT, wooded Downs, XV-Cent. Farmhse. nr. Canterbury-Hythe. 5gns. wk. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

SIMPLE Country Guest House, lovely Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7gns. Whit week-end 18s.-21s. dly. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

CASTLE Rock Hotel (A.A.-R.A.C.), Port Isaac, Cornwall. Unrivalled situation overlooking bay. Licensed club, sun lounge, television, garages. Noted for cuisine, comfort & service. Reduced incl. terms to mid-July 7½-8½gns. Illustrated brochure. 'Phone 219. Victor Hilton recommended.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House, only in its third season, has built a reputation for its cooking, its rooms and furnishings, its atmosphere and unique posn. on the Green of this famous seaside and downland village. Overflowing for Whitsun—but some rooms free in May/June, July. Aug. is difficult. 8 & 9gns. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 3120. Prop. Donald Chapman.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' House. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

HORSHAM—Convalescence at Honeywood House, Rowhook, Horsham, Sussex. 'Phone Oakwood Hill 389. Ideal for rest and recuperation. Full nursing attention. Dietetics, Physiotherapy, Building and Slimming Diets. Beautiful country residence. Wireless every bedroom. Excellent cuisine. Apply brochure.

SEA & Country, peace & quiet, magnificent views, extensive grounds. Billiards. Private bathrooms if desired, every comfort, good food, personal attention. Mid-week bookings a speciality. Terms 30s. to 36s. daily, no extras. "Five Rocks," Chale, Isle of Wight. Tel. Niton 346.

GUESTS welcomed. Country cottage, West Cornish coast. 5½gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, St. Just.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Guesthouse. Combe Martin 2366. Min. sea. Ex. touring cen.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive few guests. Rye 2207.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside with good food, comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Horam Rd. 32.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

A FEW vacancies June onwds. at Normanhurst, the small, friendly Sth. Coast Hotel. 5½/7½gns., fully incl. Rec. by rdrs. Meat/Vegetarian. Illus. brochures. Own beach hut. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

BEXHILL—Whitsun vacancies. Country House near sea. Own produce. Children welcome. Terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

PORTHCURNO, Land's End. Vacs. Whitsun. Sandy beaches, good food. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.5. PRI. 4068.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

MOXLEY Club, Holmbury-St.-Mary (between Dorking & Guildford). 35s. daily, incl. Whitsun. Reduction for periods. Woods. Tennis. Cuisine soignée. Abinger 2177.

DEVON: Guest hse. nr. beach. Gd. food. Mod. terms. Higher Peaks, Westward Ho.

MEDITERRANEAN. Paying guests. Good food. Reas. Dr. and Mrs. de Labre, 62, Rue Tixador, Canet Plage (P.O.), France.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

HOTEL Château des Costes, Le Castellet (Var), Near Toulon. Pension without extras and including wine, 1500 francs a day July 15 to August 30. Other months 1300 francs a day. Modern sanitation. Beautiful view & surroundings. Suit artist or writer. Highly recommended. FLAxman 7951.

ALPINE Village—glorious setting, little known but easy access by post-auto. Reduced terms May & June. English spoken. Hotel Bären, Kiental, Bernese Oberland.

DISTINGUISHED Parisian family receive few paying guests at their villa in Normandy, Trouville-Deauville, overlooking sea. Superb ckg. Full board £1 day. Simmonnot, 2 Sq. Gabriel Fauré, Paris 17.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: N.S. & N., T. L. S. 1949-54; Grove, IV Edition, 6 vols., ½-leather—offers; Linguaphone German, £3 10s., or exchange for Italian; Guitar, new, medium-size Segurs.

WANTED: Rosenberg, Bukharin, Bernstein, Borkenau, Trotsky, James; German language records.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

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PERSONAL

FRENCH family (medical) Paris district offers place "au pair" to educated English girl from May to August 15. Write Kendall, 27 Cleveland Sq., W.2.

CAN anyone recommend ideal cheap Continental pension for energetic young couple? Requirements: excel. swimming, sun, simple accom., good food, quiet. Box 7127.

WRITER, 30, wants job abroad. Ex-game warden Scotland, tutor, lecturer Brit. Counc. Italy, copywriter N.Z. Box 7030.

LARGE light unfurn. painting room wanted, running water, normally daytime only, between Baker St. & Thames. Max. rent £150 p.a. de Bayou, 29 St Edmunds Ct., St. Edmunds Tce., N.W.8. PRI. 2974.

ACCOM. wanted in cheerful London household for mother (secretary) and son (3½), where child can be cared for with family during working hours. Box 7178.

GERMAN boy, 17, wants to learn English with family in country between July 15 and Nov. 1. Fond of children. Au pair and/or exchange. Box 7077.

GIRL motor cyclist seeks companion (f), kindred spirit, for camp/work tour Britain from June 20. Box 6992.

SUMMER Holiday accom. wanted for boy age 12. Parents away. Box 6940.

HOLIDAY-Exchange for child British Zone Germany. Reply Conrad, 31/b Clanricarde Gardens, W.2.

STUDENT (m), 26, seeks work, July 10-end Aug. Anything consid. Box 6917.

FILM Editor 30 shs. compans. to browse around S. France, Italy in new A30. Leave June 27. Share exps. Box 7158.

TWO young ladies wish travel car (journey only) Switzerland return early Aug., share exps. Reply urgently partics. Box 6888.

GROUP of friends (ages 28-35) visiting Greece, Aug. 6, invites others interested to complete party of 10 (for travel concessions). Box 6882.

INFORMAL house party for people under 40. August, Eastbourne. Box 6739.

DEVON holiday at minimum cost for family parties. Accommodation large house 10 minutes sea Teignmouth. Adults £2 p.w., children 25s. For details write Similinter, 32/4 Rupert St., London, W.1. WHI. 6411.

COCKAIGNE Club: 15-day casual hols., France, Spain, fr. 20*gns*. Social May 22, 7.30. 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

MALE (28) shs. companion (m.) 3 wks. June drive Denmark/Spain. Box 7261.

PROFESSIONAL woman going S. France June 9 leisurely over Dordogne has 1 or 2 car seats vacant. KENsington 6600.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni. Telephone WELbeck 3091 or RIChmond 3286.

TOURS, Indep. Travel, Home/Abd. No bkg. fee. Agent most popular organis. June/Jly./Sept. Austria, fr. 16*gns*. Seven Seas Serv., 22 Blenheim Ter., N.W.8. MAI. 1298.

NOMADS. Pamplona Fiesta, July 15 days. 30*gns*. Italy Art Tour, Aug. Box 7280.

TWO seats vacant in Velox leaving June 17 three weeks' tour Austria, Switzerland, Italy. Modest budget. Box 7286.

SCOTS painter, 30, colourist, competent draughtsman, literate, seeks enterprising employer. Box 6944.

WIDOW, 41, son 3, wishes companion similarly situated to share Lake District Home Winter months, and help run it as small Guest House in Summer. Box 7103.

WANTED, first-class tutor in History of Education for Examinee Teacher's Diploma. Immediately. Box 7181.

FRENCH Lessons given by French girl. Times by arrangement. Box 7186.

DR., wife, baby, driving Positano through France, Switzerland, Rome, leaving London June 1. Free ride for baby-sitter en route. BAY. 0320 or Box 7188.

FRANCE June. Motor camping tour companion-driver rqd. Exp. pd. Box 7191.

SPAIN. Bachelor wishes join another as passenger for 3 wks. tour by motor cycle or open car, starting soon. Box 7213.

YOUNG man, 30, would join small business needing expansion & invest £800. Suggestions, offers, welcome. Box 7180.

READER required to overlook proofs technical dictionary (one vol. 1,500 pp. 1-line entries). Must be familiar all aspects engineering. Box 7183.

RESPONSIBLE educ. woman offs. help normal/nervous childrn. Refs. SHE. 5658.

STRANGE true stories and odd characters wanted by writer. Payment if published. David West, 28 Flanders Road, W.4.

MEN wear Adhite shoes and be 2ins. taller. Normal appearance. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, Ldn., E.C.1.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

CONGENIAL English home in Oxford or Cambridge reqd. for French girl (14) for 1 or 2 months during summer where she can improve her English. Opportunities for tennis and swimming desirable. Send details and terms to Box 7227.

WEEKEND course: "Living Drama," Jun. 10 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also some vacancies Whit. & June holiday courses.

BACHELOR girl shs. m. and f. companions tour Spain August/September. Box 7093.

TEENAGE Holidays. Instructive and amusing Courses in Drama. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1. 6, 10, or 14 days, July-Sept. Fees, 4½*gns*.-6*gns*. Hostel accommodation available. Acting, expressive movement, make-up, visit back-stage London Theatre, etc. Syllabuses: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Sevenoaks, Kent.

YOU can see the Czech thriller "Café on the Main Street" in your own home on 16mm! Or many other excellent films of love, comedy, sport, drama, music, ballet and travel. Easy to arrange, inexpensive, projection service if desired. Send 1s. for a catalogue to Plato Films Dept. D, 376 Grays Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

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TOURS. 5 days Paris, 15½*gns*. 7 days Paris, Brussels, Luxembourg, 28*gns*., 10 days Lourdes, 38*gns*. 14 days France and Spain, 42*gns*. 14 days Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy and Yugoslavia, 43*gns*., all by car and Air Ferry, fully incl., London—back to London. Small party tours, 8 persons. Flying Roadmaster Tours (Dept. N), Latymer Ct., 116 Hammersmith Rd., W.6. RIV. 3651.

VENICE and Cattolica in June! Perfect weather—not too hot. Long, lazy days on a quiet Adriatic beach, glorious bathing, outdoor cafes, open-air dancing. Visits to San Marino, Urbino, Ravenna and Padua, all optional but included in cost. Four days in Venice. June 26-July 9. £42. Few places left! Send 2½d stamp for free brochure to Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

MAJORCA. Stop Press. We are pleased to announce that after successful negotiations additional air services and accommodation have now been arranged for our heavily booked holidays in Majorca from £51 10s., all inclusive. Write or 'phone immediately for exciting fully illustrated Free brochure to Dept. N.S.20, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

CRUISING on canals. Comf. cruisers for 2-6 people. 6ft headroom. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of canals & rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

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REVEL in the sun (and cheaply) at Cannes, Cadiz, or Seville University Summer School, from 31½*gns*. Write now, Mary Sanger, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

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MAGYAR Holiday—Vienna, Budapest, Lake Balaton, Salzburg, conducted throughout. First-class hotels. Departures July 9 & August 20. 16 days £61 15s 6d. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, 20 Russell Square, W.C.1. Tel. LAN. 8222.

FREE sailing on the Broads this summer offered to suitable men in return for taking charge of sailing boat & 5 boys. Further details from Skemp, 2a Rawlinson Road, Oxford.

NORWAY: 4-centre tour including Oslo, with well-known Jewish Society. Long days. Good climate. July 31-Aug. 14. Air travel. Approx. £47. Box 6912.

MOTHERS, take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

TV. Plays Chance for young writers. £125 prizes in competition promoted by Cheltenham Literary Festival Oct. 3-7. B.B.C. and A.B.C. have options to produce winners. Details, on receipt of stamped add. env. from Festival Organiser, Town Hall, Cheltenham.

HEATHERLEYS provides first-class tuition in drawing, painting, mosaic—and a unique course in film technique. Heatherley School of Art, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation, Persons' services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Rd., W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

YOUR Continental holiday starts by viewing the new ideas in Beach and Swim Wear at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Pl., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for new 1955 illus. catalogue.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gns*. to 5*gns*. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan, private astrologer, would send a reliable reading of your life, for birthdate, 10s. 6d. Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How". Send for Free N 3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

WANTED, 400 eggheads. Mensa needs people of high I.Q. who are willing to answer postal ballots to help a research project. Flat 5, 4 The Paragon, S.E.3.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

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LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

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PROF./bus. lady invtd. share flat with one. Nr. Queensway, W.2. Box 7082.

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YOUNG lady reqd. to share 5-room s/c flat with 3 ors. W. Lond. PER. 5354.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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CHARMING furnished room in quiet house offered to gentleman. Phone: HAM. 7811 after 7 p.m. or on week-end.

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HAMPSTEAD. Lovely single divan rm. Ckg. facs., washbasin, h. & c. Use bath, tel. Good class acc. in author's house. 'Phone for details, HAM. 7428.

BED-SITTER in s/c modern flat S.W. London. Use 'phone, bath, kit. £2. Suit bachelor. Box 7179.

CENTRAL Lond. Room in mod. block. C.h., c.h.w., use tel., bath. Some ckg. facs. Suit prof. man. £3 3s. Box 6914.

ATTRAC. furn. cottage, 3 bdrms., to let Aug., 4*gns*. wkly. Herts. Box 6901.

WRITER'S Caravan. Ideal poor poets etc. Peaceful Channel cliffs. Box 6765.

CRICCIETH, N. Wales.—Self-contained furnished holiday flats near sea, architect designed, electricity, h. and c.w. Write Aelwyd Properties, Ltd., Criccieth.

NORFOLK. Cntry. home. Large gdn. Owner out all day. Share. Writer needing peace, mother 1 child. Box 7090.

WHITSUN (on) by sea? Caravan/flat free. Frondderw, Llwyngwril, Merioneth.

CORNISH Village. Furn. flat. Mod. cons. Sleep 3. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour. June 1-25 & Sept. 22 on. Box 6871.

N. DEVON farmhouse, small self-contained furnished flat available June 4-18, owing to cancellation, and Sept. 4 onwards. Mod. cons. 3*gns*. weekly. Box 7096.

ACTIVE elderly couple require ground-flr. room & kit. nr. Victoria or 36 route. 50s. maximum. GUL. 1748.

LADY requires, early June onwards, small flat, rooms or large bedsitter with own kit., furn. or unfurn., London. Box 7111.

PARAGON of a tenant requires tiny unfurnished flat Central London at low rent, smallish premium. Attics, basements willingly considered. WHI. 2673.

PROF. man wants quiet unfurn./part furn. room(s) St. John's Wood. Box 6790.

SCIENTIST, wife and well-behaved 4-yr.-old daughter sk. pleas. flat anywhere Cen. Lond. all/part June and July. Box 6987.

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BLOOMSBURY. Several furn. flats shortly avail. in wide Georgian street. £3 13s. 6*d*.-7*gns*. Each has own kit. & bath. Some new contemporary furniture. Box 6935.

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TWO or three English business ladies urg. req. furn. flat within 30 mins. W. End. Own kit. essent. Exc. refs. FRE. 5790.

AMERICAN academic family, 3-year-old girl and baby coming, desire inexpensive furnished flat near a playground for year commencing July. Prefer Hampstead. Can pay in dollars. Box 7105.

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CARDIGAN Bay. Freehold furn. cottage for sale. H. & C. Freelite Elec. £900. Hafod-y-Garreg, Arthog, Merioneth.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Spanish Fiesta." Tues.-Fri., 7.45. Sat. 5.30 and 8.30.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "The Gentle People" by Irwin Shaw opens Fri., May 20, 7.30. Also Sat. 21, Sun. 22 (mems. only) Thurs. 26, Fri. 27, Sat. 28. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bkble. CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Midnight Family." Mems.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Spring Marx Brothers Festival. Until May 22: "Animal Crackers" (U). From May 23: "Horse Feathers" (U), "Stratford Adventure" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., May 21. John Wayne, Montgomery Clift in "Red River" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Programmes of Art Films for Adults. Sundays at 2.30 p.m. and 4 p.m. Admission free. May 22, "Georges Braque," "Maillol," "Pieter Breughel the Elder" (528).

ASIAN Music Circle (President: Yehudi Menuhin)—Shanta Rao & her Musicians, celebrated Indian Dancer of Bharata Natya, Mohini Attam & Kathakali styles, Tues. May 31, 8 p.m. at French Inst. Queensberry Pl., S.W.7, nr. South Ken. Tube St. Membrs. & guests. Tickets from Sec. and at door. Music of Vietnam fixed for June 7 now postponed. Write Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

INDONESIA entertains. Indonesian Dance, Music & Films. Sun., May 22, 7.30. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., May 21, 8-11 p.m. Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., non-mems. 5s. Mem. invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Wednesday, May 25, at 5.45. Geraint Jones—Bach organ recital. Leaflets & tickets from Hall (WATerloo 3191) & Agts.

CONCERT in aid of the Federal Educational and Research Trust. Royal Albert Hall, Wed., May 25, at 8 p.m. Ralph Vaughan Williams & Sir Adrian Boult, conductors. Clifford Curzon, soloist. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Overture, Hansel and Gretel (Humperdinck), Dance of the Blessed Spirits (Gluck), Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) (Beethoven), A London Symphony (Vaughan Williams), conducted by the Composer. Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., from Hall (KEN. 8212), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418).

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Pergolesi, Vivaldi, Scarlatti, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., May 28, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

JAMES Blades will give his Lecture-Demonstration on the orchestral instruments of percussion. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sat., May 21, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso—63 drawings (1953-54) and 10 Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until June 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. New Paintings by Jack Smith. Until June 4.

CHRISTIAN Sculpture To-Day. St. John's Wood Church, N.W.8. Weekdays 12.30-8 p.m. Sun. 12-2 p.m. & 7.30-8.30 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Three exhibitions of new paintings by Sidney Nolan, Cecil Michaelis & David Peretz. Hrs. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes May 28.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Sculpture and Paintings by Namba Roy. Till June 11. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

A.I.A. Galleries, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. "Measurement and Proportion," an exhibition arranged by Adrian Heath and Andrew Forge. Daily 11-6.

HAROLD Gilman. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till June 5. Weekdays 10-6 (Tuesdays & Thursdays, 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pierre Soulages. Closing May 21. Collectors Choice V. (French 19th and 20th Century Paintings). Opening May 24.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

CONTEMPORARY Art: Loan Exhibition organised by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Pictures lent by Tate Gallery and Contemporary Art Society. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). May 17-28 (except Sunday), 12.30-7.30 daily. Admission free.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Paintings of Cyprus by E. A. Economou and paintings of England by John Bowles, May 9-28. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sats. 10-1. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Century. Closing May 27.

ABSTRACT Painting from Paris. de Stael, Soulages, Hartung, Manessier. Symon Quinn Gallery, 34 Victoria Lane, Huddersfield, to May 31.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Christoforou: new paintings. 11-5.30.

CARL Fredrik Hill. An Exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes May 24. Mn., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues. 10-8. Free.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. The Serenity of Early Italian Painting. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

NEW Lithographs by Margret Kroch-Frishman. The Everyman Foyer, Hampstead. May 2-May 30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Collection of French Paintings. Until May 28.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., May 23, at 7 p.m. Composers' Concourse, "Teaching of Musical Composition." Speakers: William Alwyn, Alan Bush and Matyas Seiber. Chairman: William Glock. C.C. mems. 2s., non-mems. 3s. Wed., May 25, 8.15. Talk by J. L. Sweeney of Harvard University on "Contemporary American Poets," inc. recordings. Chairman: Stephen Spender. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

ALL Nations' Social Club. "Asia Comes Into Her Own," by Aftab Ahmad Khan (2nd Secretary to Pakistan High Commissioner) and Maung-Maung Ji, M.A. (Cantab.) (Press Attaché to Burmese Embassy), Wed., May 25 at 8 p.m. at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"COLOUR Prejudice" Prof. L. S. Penrose, Central Lond. Br. Scientific Workers, Wed., May 25, 7.30. The Swan, Cosmo Pl., Southampton Row, W.C. Non-mems. welc.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., May 20, 8 p.m. W. W. Miller, "Russian Countryside & Character." May 27, 8 p.m., Hon. Richard Hare, "Tolstoy: War & Peace."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.). Thurs., May 26, 7.30. The Sacred Books of Hinduism. All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays 8 p.m. May 22: Reincarnation.

CHESS: games from 1955 U.S.S.R. championships. R. G. Wade. Fri., May 20, 7 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students, 1s).

CEDRIC Dover: "The Chinese Scene," New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., May 23, at 8.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 22. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Are Myths Useful?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

"VOLUNTARY Euthanasia—The Next Step." Lecture Mr. Glanvile Williams (Quain Professor Jurisprudence University of London). 6 p.m., Tues., May 24. Library, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. T. A. Werner on "Some Recent Trends in Psychotherapy." Tuesday, May 24, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

YOGA & the Human Mind. Lectures every Tues. at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1, at 6.30 p.m. Tues., May 24, "The Power within the Mind." Arr. by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

VIRGINIA Fleming: "Self-sufficiency and Dependence." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 22, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2. Four lectures on "Emotion and the Reader" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Richard Hughes, Esq., O.B.E., on Mon. to Thurs., May 23-26. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on (i) "The Man and the Weapons" and (ii) "Attack and Defence" will be given by Sir Frederic Bartlett at 5.30 p.m. on May 24 and 26, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free.

WORK Study in Offices. 1 week courses June 6 & 13. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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WHITSUN AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

WHITSUN. Few places left Central London Fabian Soc. Conference "Planning for Living in Cities." Pulborough, Sussex. Details: Miss B. Yellin, 30 Coborn St., E.3.

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Director: Noel Hale, F.R.A.M. August 7 to 21, 1955. Lecturers and conductors include: Malcolm Arnold, Antonio Brosa, Archie Camden, Douglas Cameron, Carl Dolmetsch, Charles Groves, Trevor Harvey, Evelyn Rothwell, Bernard Shore, Leslie Woodgate. This year's courses include: Choral, madrigals and motets, full orchestra, pianoforte, violin and viola, violoncello, recorders, school music, folk dancing. An ideal holiday with music in lovely surroundings 8½ miles from Bournemouth. Prospectus and all particulars from F. Jackson, Organising Secretary, Desk N., 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2. Early application is advised.

SWEDEN: Popular course "Modern Sweden" at residential college near Stockholm followed by 1 week's study tour. Aug. 14-Sept. 1, 1955. Prosp. from Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

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HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21-Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate. Private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

INTERNATIONAL Holiday Course: July 6-20, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for full list of summer schools.

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VIENNA University Summer School. German language courses for beginners & advanced. Enquire: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853.

SPAIN, Ronda Andalusia. Borough Bottega Art Hol. Cen. Tuitn. David Bomberg. Beginrs. or adv. Magnif. site above primitive caves with exped. by horse & mule. 7gns. wkly. inc. en pens. Ronda. Camps. on estate. Holt, 30 Steeles Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 9190, or Casa de la Virgen de la Cabeza Ronda.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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